

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Single copies 5 cents.

Vol. XXII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1893.

No. 2.

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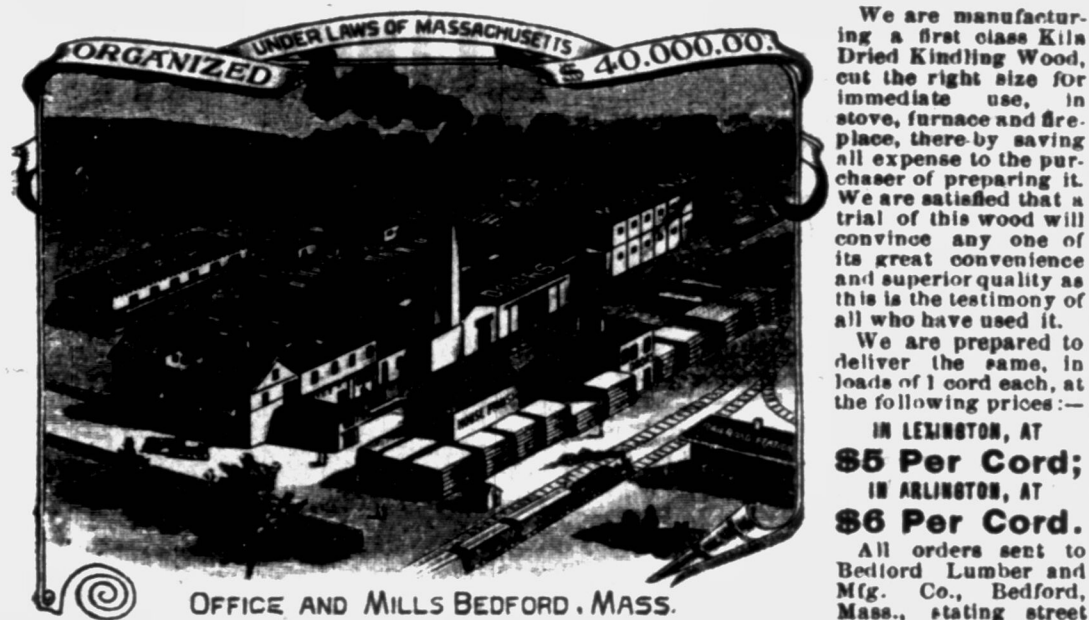
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Some Death Losses Paid by the Mass. Mutual Life Ins. Co. From Oct. 20, 1892, to Nov. 20, 1892.

No. of Policy.	Name of Insured and Residence at Time of Death.	Amount of Policy Including Additions.	Premiums Paid Less Dividends.	Profit on Investment.
2,012	Isaac D. Allen, Newton, Mass.	\$1,000	\$105.30	\$893.64
19,298	John B. Stewart, Auburn, Mass.	2,000	245.54	1,754.46
19,251	Catharine M. How, Philadelphia, Pa.	4,827	2,019.70	2,807.30
48,281	Andrew J. Houghton, Crookline, Mass.	5,000	2,214.15	2,785.85
48,257	" " " " " "	5,000	2,319.25	2,680.75
54,393	Warren E. Peaver, Cambridge, Mass.	1,500	480.39	1,019.61
65,894	Andrew J. Houghton, Brookline, Mass.	15,000	5,701.15	9,298.85
70,419	Simons B. Folsom, Dover, N. H.	2,000	205.40	1,794.60
72,225	William Morris, Covington, Ky.	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
72,891	" " " " " "	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
77,775	John H. Pope, Forest City, Ark.	5,000	141.90	4,858.10
78,195	William H. Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.	10,000	658.50	9,341.50

WILLIAM A. MULLER, General Agent, 31 Milk Street, Room 4.

ARLINGTON ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

—The annual dinner of the Arlington Finance Club occurs next Tuesday evening.

—The cold snap coming Monday made good skating on Spy Pond again; in fact the best that this field has yet afforded.

—The regular monthly meeting of Arlington Cooperative Bank occurs next Tuesday evening.

—The usual monthly sociable at the Congregational church occurs next Wednesday evening. Supper will be served at 7 o'clock, to be followed with an entertainment and sociable.

—Mr. James Eagar Cutler, who has been a resident of Arlington for the past two years, died at his home on Addison street, on New Year's Eve, after a brief illness, in his eighty-first year.

—The Broadway National Bank, in which Mr. F. O. Squire holds a prominent position, has made a generous distribution in Arlington of the large and serviceable calendars for 1893 issued by this flourishing Boston bank.

—The floor of Town Hall presented an attractive sight, at the regular meeting of the dancing class under Mme. Condon, on Wednesday from four to six. The children are gaining in proficiency at each lesson.

—The annual report of the secretary and treasurer of the Baptist Sunday school was read and approved last Sunday noon. Treasurer Wood resigned and Mr. Henry Learned was elected to fill the vacancy.

—The Chautauqua Literary Circle will meet with Mrs. M. E. Roberts, Central street, on Monday evening, Jan. 9th, at 7:45 o'clock. A Tennyson program has been arranged. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

—Special services have been held at the Baptist church the past week in observance "Week of Prayer" with which a large portion of the Christian world opens the new year. At this church four special services were held.

—At the meeting of the Boat Club, last Monday evening, it was voted to enter Mr. J. F. Bacon, the champion fancy figure skater, in any contest he might be willing to engage in as representative of the Arlington Boat Club.

—Miss Annie M. Baston has charge of the Christian Endeavor meeting at the Congregational church, next Sunday evening at half-past six. The topic for the evening is "The duty of every day; are we doing it?"

—Although several skaters on Spy Pond got "duckings" last week and this by carelessness about going near shore where the ice had been "whipped out" by the wind, no serious accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the skaters.

—The Rev. George Bicknell, D. D., of the Cambridgeport Universalist church and one of the great men in that denomination, will occupy the pulpit of the Universalist church in exchange with the pastor, on Sunday next.

—It will be "ladies' night" at Arlington Boat Club house, next Tuesday evening, Jan. 10, and in addition to other interesting features Mr. Franklin Russell will introduce a mixed quartette of friends of his from East Boston to render vocal numbers.

—Among the most thoroughly artistic calendars received this year those issued by Messrs. Celley & Wright are entitled to a place in the front rank. We understand they have been quite generously circulated in town. Any "skipped" will be supplied at their store corner of Tremont and Winter streets, Boston.

—The next regular weekly prayer meeting of the Arlington Heights Y. P. S. C. E. will be held at 7:30 o'clock, Wednesday evening, Jan. 11. The subject will be, "The duty of every day; are we doing it?" References found in Ezra 3: 4; Eph. 5: 6-8. The meeting will be in charge of Mr. Samuel G. Learned. All strangers are cordially invited to attend our meetings.

—The regular monthly meeting of Arlington Boat Club was held last Monday evening. Aside from the usual routine business a vote of thanks was given to Mr. William Proctor for the gift of a handsome clock for the bowling alleys, and a proper recognition of the work of the committee in charge of the dedication of the club house.

—Next Tuesday evening, in G. A. R. hall, the officers of Post 38 and Corps 48 will be installed in the presence of members of all the organizations connected with these interests, including the asso-

ciate members. At the conclusion of the ceremony the company will sit down to a supper in the dining hall, prepared by caterer Hardy.

—A series of games in a billiard and pool tournament commenced at Arlington Boat Club house, last Tuesday evening. Dr. L. E. Allen is chairman of the committee in charge. One of the prizes to be competed for is a silver cup donated by Dr. C. A. Greene.

—The Christian Endeavor Society of the Baptist church will meet in the vestry, next Sunday evening, at quarter-past six o'clock. "Willing offerings to God," is the topic with Bible references in Ezra 1: 4-6; 2 Cor. 8: 5-12. The meetings are well attended and many participate. The committee for the year of '93 has accepted the C. E. topics for the future.

—The rain of Sunday night not only ended the fine skating on Spy Pond which the children of the public schools had the privilege of enjoying each day of their Christmas holiday vacation, but spoiled the prospect of securing an early crop of ice on "Little Spy," where the Messrs. Durgin were all ready to begin cutting on Monday morning, had the weather held cold.

—Wednesday morning the coachman in the employ of Mr. J. W. Tufts, of Medford, was driving a spirited pair of horses on Arlington avenue, and as he turned into Medford street the carriage struck the lamp post in front of Mr. Clark's drug store, breaking it short off. The carriage was overturned, the driver thrown out and the horses with a portion of the wreck started at a furious pace for home.

—F. L. Diman of Arlington, director of music in the public schools, conducted the presentation of the "Cavalleria Rusticana," given in concert form by the local choral organization of New Bedford of which Mr. Diman is the leader, on Monday evening last. The opera was given in the Opera House of the city and the solo parts introduced such talent as Mme. Lillian Nordica, Sig. Del Puente, Miss Helen Dudley Campbell and others of similar musical notoriety.

—At the Universalist Church, Wednesday evening, January 11th, at 3 and 7 o'clock, p. m., will be held a church conference to which all are cordially invited. The topic will be "Church Unity," and will be discussed by eminent clergymen of all denominations, the Arlington pastors taking part. In the evening the Rev. D. N. Beach, of Cambridge, will preach. Let there be a good attendance.

—Mr. Philip C. Chamberlin, who had a home with his brother, Mr. H. E. Chamberlin, during his residence in Arlington, died on Wednesday of this week at his father's residence in Hanover, Mass. He was a bright and companionable young man who had a wide circle of friends. After leaving Arlington Mr. Chamberlin went to Brooklyn, N. Y., to engage in business, which he gave up a short time ago, quick consumption claiming him as a victim in his 26th year. Rev. C. W. Watson, his former pastor, conducts the funeral services this afternoon.

—A few days ago Mr. L. P. Bartlett started out with gun and cane, accompanied by his old fox hound, and after a short tramp through the woods in the rear of his place found fresh tracks of "sir reynard" and started the old dog on the trail. With the skill of an old hunter Mr. Bartlett chose his position and had not long to wait before the sly game ran toward where the sportsman was concealed from view and fell a victim to Mr. B's unerring aim. The fancy sportsman who thrash through our woods equipped with expensive sporting attire and costly fire arms, to return home empty-handed, have much to learn from these old sportsmen. Mr. Bartlett is past the four score line.

—The choir of the Baptist church will repeat next Sunday, by request, some of the Christmas music which was sung by them Christmas Sunday. Promptly at 10:45, Mr. Wm. E. Wood, the organist, will play the Pastoral Symphony from Handel's "Messiah," which short prelude will be followed immediately with the beautiful anthem "And there were shepherds," Pfueger, by the choir. The other selections to be sung will be "He shall reign," Simper; "Angels from the realms of Glory," Howard; and "While all things were in quiet silence," Macfarren. Organ postlude, Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." The permanent composition of the Baptist choir is now:—Mrs. Colman, Mrs. Parris, sopranos; Mrs. Hornblower, Miss Wellington, altos; S. B. Wood, Benj. Constant, tenors; Geo. G. Allen, T. E. Parris, basses. The audience should be in their seats promptly, and ushers will be in attendance, as

usual, to seat visiting friends. Rev. C. H. Watson, the pastor, will preach an appropriate sermon.

—A lecture on electricity, by Horatio W. Myrick, Esq., will be given in Town Hall, Arlington, Monday evening, Jan. 9, 1893, at 7:45. Season tickets to the course in chemistry, by Professor E. E. Calder, admit the bearers.

—Arlington bowling team had the inspiration to good and careful work that is expected to come from a large and sympathetic audience last Tuesday evening, and their total of 2442 makes a good showing among the other clubs, but the phenomenal aggregate by their rivals in the second string settled the game in favor of the visitors, and by a long lead. The contesting team on this occasion was the "Waverly" Club, of Hyde Park, and the way they mowed down the pins in the last two strings was something novel in a match game, one making 235 and another 204. Three of the visitors bowled above the 500 line, while Carter of the Arlingtons was the only one to pass it, though Durgin and Flanders were "near it." The following is the score:—

WAVERLYS.				
Bowlers.	1	2	3	Totals.
Lynch,	148	175	157	510
Gray,	147	177	186	510
Head,	151	235	154	540
Hall,	187	140	161	488
Harlow,	134	204	156	494
Team totals,	767	931	853	2551

ARLINGTON.				
Bowlers.	1	2	3	Totals.
Stevens,	155	154	171	480
Durgin,	158	183	157	498
Hesseltine,	143	156	151	450
Carter,	159	179	183	521
Flanders,	175	165	183	498
Team totals,	790	837	815	2442

Strikes—Lynch, 8; Gray, 7; Head, 8; Hall, 8; Harlow, 9; Stevens, 8; Durgin, 10; Hesseltine, 7; Carter, 9; Flanders, 7.
Spares—Lynch, 13; Gray, 10; Head, 15; Hall, 12; Harlow, 13; Stevens, 13; Durgin, 11; Hesseltine, 10; Carter, 14; Flanders, 15.
Missed spares—Lynch, 3; Gray, 4; Head, 4; Hall, 4; Harlow, 7; Stevens, 5; Durgin, 8; Hesseltine, 10; Carter, 4; Flanders, 5.

—Since the failure of the project of extending the tracks of the West End Railroad Co. to Arlington Heights failed (owing to conditions incorporated in the petition which the town refused to accept), there has been a quiet effort on the part of the Selectmen to accomplish this most desirable extension on terms of mutual advantage, and it seems likely that this is to be achieved. Last Wednesday evening there was a joint meeting of the Selectmen and committee of seven chosen some months ago to consider this matter, the result being an agreement on the form of petition presented to the West End Co. which now only awaits the official action of that company. The features to which the town properly objected have been eliminated, a satisfactory conclusion reached regarding the establishment and maintenance of grade, and to the establishing of the grade by Legislative enactment. The full details will appear when the petition is filed.

—With the help of a house full of immediate relatives and near friends of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Freeman this happy couple celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding on the evening of Dec. 31. It was a "crystal wedding" indeed and in truth—bright, sparkling, a social gem. The house was made charming by its decoration of pinks and smilax, and the supper table set in the dining room by Bessé was as elegant as he well knows how to make it. During the evening Rev. C. H. Watson called the happy couple (with their children and "grandma") to stand before him and then conducted a charming congratulatory service, assisted by a former pastor of the Baptist church and warm friend of the family—Rev. Charles H. Spaulding. During this service Mrs. S. B. Wood gave a fine transcription of "Lohengrin," by Wagner; then Miss George Turnbull sang the solo of the "Bridal Chorus." One of the brightest features of the evening was a parody on "Hawthorne's Wooing," prepared and read by Capt. Geo. E. Richardson, which abounded in happy personal allusions. The presents consisted of beautiful pieces of statuary and the whole range of useful and fancy articles which are the delight of lovers of the beautiful in art. The wide range of the relationship of both Mr. and Mrs. Freeman of necessity confined this party to relatives, although their house is of generous proportions.

—Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, prominent in the Unitarian denomination, gave an illustrated lecture on "Our Italy, or Picturesque California," in the Unitarian church, Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the "No Name Lend-a-Hand Club." A splendid audience greeted the lecturer, who furnished in his turn a delightful and instructive evening. Mr. Spaulding is a fluent and peculiarly graceful and pleasant speaker, and it is a pleasure to listen to one who so well understands the use of the English language. Many of his pictures illustrated by the stereopticon were colored, and gave fine reproductions of the Italian

like scenery of Southern California. Characteristic bits of scenery of mountain and shore and the orange and other fruit groves of the flourishing new cities and towns, together with illustrations of the remarkable floriculture of this land of flowers, were very interesting to his New England audience. The description of the life work of the Franciscan fathers, whose work in uplifting the Indians was at its height in 1830, was very interesting, showing the loving devotion of these men in their work of Christianizing and civilizing the Indians. Various mission schools and churches were shown, all of which illustrated the proficiency which had been attained by the savages for they built them all under the direction of the "fathers." In closing, the talk and pictures were of that great wonder, the beautiful and famed Yosemite Valley, with its towering rock formation, mirror-like lakes, shimmering and turbulent falls and cataracts. The pictures of these wonders of nature were beautiful, many of them colored, and the description was equally so, giving an excellent idea of the entrancing scenery of the remarkable valley. At the close of the lecture Mr. Spaulding was heartily thanked by the applause given him, and we shall hope to hear of his further experiences in "Our Italy," as he started for another trip to California this week.

—Mr. Elbridge Farmer has presented the Robbins Library with two large and life-like crayon portraits, one of Mrs. Maria C. Robbins, his sister, and the other of her husband, Mr. Eli Robbins, in whose memory the structure was erected. The portraits are the work of Mr. Barthrog, the artist residing at Arlington Heights, and are finely executed. They are hung opposite each other on the walls of the waiting room, and are a valuable acquisition to the building, and add much to the room in which they are hung, appropriately framed in deep antique oak frames and heavy bronze inner moulding. The portraits were hung on Saturday last.

"I have been using Salvation Oil for backache, stiffness in the neck and pain in the side and found it an excellent cure. I keep it constantly on hand. Chas. Haller, Union Hill, N. J."

A Thrilling Tale of the War.



"I had been here but a few minutes when I heard a metallic click, as if made by a scabbard, and cocking my carbine I turned quickly in the direction of the sound, expecting to see an armed man, whether friend or foe."

A Mountain Maid.

By Maj. Alfred R. Calhoun,
Author of the Illustrated Serial, "A Prisoner of War," and Odd Stories.

This is a novelette of rare excellence. It will appear in our columns soon. Full of exciting incidents. Prepare for it.

For Breakfast Eat

Wheat Germ.

There's Nothing Half so Good for the Morning Meal.

HUGH McNEIL'S HEN.

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

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CHAPTER I.



He made a dive to recover the paper.

General O. M. Mitchell, although past middle age in 1862, was one of the most romantic soldiers of the war. He was an able, patriotic man, and if he had any failing as a commander it was in perfecting more plans than a dozen armies could execute. Among these plans was one for the capture of Chattanooga by advancing a force rapidly along the right bank of the river, the feasibility of which was subsequently demonstrated by the brilliant expedition under General Negley.

To learn the nature of the country between MacMinnville and Chattanooga a mounted force of sixty men, made up of detachments from the Seventh Pennsylvania, First Tennessee and Fifth Kentucky, with a number of men from the hills of north Alabama, recently mustered into our service, all young, eager and well mounted, left Stevenson for the Cumberland mountains to the north of the Tennessee.

Having just made in perfect safety a trip down the mountains from Kentucky with six men, all in uniform, I was sent with this expedition.

Lin Moore was the man on whose knowledge of the mountains we relied chiefly during this scout. Before starting out he assured General Mitchell that he "knew the Cumberland mountains from end to end as well as if he had built 'em by days' work," and the result showed that he was not a braggart.

On this scout six of us, under Lin's guidance, cut loose from the main body and pushed toward the east, till one midnight we dismounted on the crest of a hill from which we looked down on Moccasin point, subsequently to become famous, and could see the white tents of the Confederates gleaming like opals in the moonlight from Lookout mountain to Chattanooga.

Satisfied with the outlook, we moved back from this elevation to a little stream at the base, where we threw ourselves on the ground to rest while our weary horses were grazing.

As I had planned to examine, so far as I could do so with a field glass, the position and extent of the Confederate defenses on the following morning, it was understood that we should remain where we were for the night; and as the little ravine was out of the way and as much secluded as if we had been in a cave, Lin Moore thought it would be perfectly safe to lie down, and he showed his confidence by wrapping up his boots in his coat, putting the bundle under his head and dropping off to sleep in no time. The rest of the party followed Lin's example.

All the men were asleep, and I was about to pull off my boots to ease my feet, when up on the hill I heard the notes of the whippoorwill. I had known this bird from my childhood, and I had heard it many a time before in the mountains, but never after midnight and but seldom after dark; yet the sound was so accurate and distinct to be an imitation. While I was wondering at this owl, seemingly perched in the gray limestone rocks directly above where we lay, began:

"Hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo-oo!" ending with the shrill whistle peculiar to the white owl.

This seemed more in keeping with the time and place, and I was again about to pull off my boots, when suddenly a rivalry started between the whippoorwill and the owl, and they dashed along "neck and neck," the hooting and the whistling increasing in rapidity till the rocks rang again, and very much perplexed I rose to my feet and walked back to try and get a view of the cliff, but as the full moon was sloping westward it was in shadow.

Gradually the contest died out, as if the feathered rivals had become exhausted, but there was still an occasional faint "hoo-hoo" and "whippoorwill," when suddenly a dog—a dog with the voice of Cerberus—began baying up the hill. Then the baying changed to the angry barking of two dogs—one a savage monster and the other a pugna— "flee."

I crept over to Lin's side, and bending down so as not to break in needlessly on the sleep of my near by companions, I whispered for him to get up and step back with me.

Drawing Lin back, so as not to disturb the others, I told him of what I had heard, but before he could frame a reply the noise began again. This time it was the bellowing of a distant and evidently a belligerent bull.

"Doggone hit, who'd 'a' thought hit?" was the guide's comment.

"Thought what?" I asked in surprise.

"Why, that he'd 'a' come ovah har."

"Who'd 'a' come?" I asked, unconsciously dropping into the mountain vernacular.

"W'y, Hugh McNeil's Hen. Nevah heah of him?"

"No, I don't think I ever have, and if that's a hen it's the most extraordinary bird I ever heard of."

Seeing this, Lin Moore whispered: "Hen—that's Hugh Neil's son; he's a plum ejjit."

"No, Hugh McNeil?"

"Who, Hen, that's his a-makin believe up thar that he's a hully string of tree toads. Oh, him and me's ole friends, and offin slept together in these hills afosh the wah. No one wouldn't think a nat'ral could be so knowin as Hen. He'd corner a lawyer axin questions, and as fo' mockin any sound he evah heahs, he can't be beat. Why, hit's mos' surprin. Be there, that's the crit of wild geese, and we uns, ef so be we uns didn't know 'twas Hen, would believe them birds wuz a-flyin right straight ovah-head, as they most allas does, 'way up in the sky. But I'll fetch him down, fo', bein a nat'ral, thar ain't no harm into him."

The guide placed two fingers in his mouth and emitted a long, low whistle, ending with the musical cry of the quail, "bob white."

"Bob white! bob white! bob white!" was echoed quickly from the rocks. Then came the crash of a loosened stone that went hurtling dangerously close, and a minute after an athletic figure, with something like a knapsack on its back and a long rifle in its right hand, stood before us. But it was too dark to distinguish the dress or features.

"Hello, Hen," was Lin Moore's salutation, as he extended both hands, "whar yo' bin and whar yo' gwine?"

"Bin hellenbar; yowthin teat. Who's you uns?"

This is what Hugh McNeil's Hen rattled off in a far away ventriloquial voice, and as he asked the question he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"This is a blue sojer, Hen, and my friend," said Lin. Then in a whisper, "Any gats nigh har?"

"Oh, lots, lots, lots," replied Hugh McNeil's Hen.

"Whar is they, Hen?"

"Ovah you," and he pointed in the direction of Chattanooga.

"Oh, yass," said Lin, evidently much relieved, then adding, "Wa'al, Hen, ef you uns'll lie down and not open yer lips till daylight I'll gin yo' breakfast, eh?"

For answer, Hugh McNeil's Hen laid his pack on the ground and his head on his shoulder, and began snoring so soon that I was sure he was either playing one of the tricks of which we had so recently had a sample, or that he was eager to get into our good graces by pretending to comply instantly with Lin's request.

After this I lay down, and I must have slept for at least three hours, for when I awoke it was broad daylight and the men were rubbing down the horses' backs with bunches of dry grass, preparatory to saddling up.

Whether Hugh McNeil's Hen went to sleep instantly after lying down I think very doubtful, but when I got up and went over to look at him there could be no mistaking the fact of his being as dead asleep as one of the fabled Seven of Ephesus.

As we were about to partake of the cooked rations we had brought with us, Lin Moore woke up the "nat'ral," who at once sprang to his feet, and at the amazement of those who had not heard him the night before, he clapped both arms to his sides and began to crow so much like a cock that it only required turning the back on him to be entirely deceived. One of the scouts described the deception perfectly when he said:

"If I'd never stop sarchin till I found a henroost, and my stomach would be sot for fried chicken next day."

We shared with him our cooked rations, but did not give him all he wanted to eat. I doubt if we should have had any left had we done so. He seemed to realize that I was the leader of the little party, for as soon as he saw that there was no more food that morning he opened his ragged knapsack—it was full of bits of cloth and bright pieces of quartz crystal—and from a recess he drew out a newspaper and handed it to me. It was a copy of the Chattanooga Rebel of the previous day, and this told me that Hugh McNeil's Hen had either been in the Confederate camp across the river the day before or had met some one who had come from there.

I could not conceal my delight at getting this paper, for it not only gave in its local news a clew to the forces then in and about Chattanooga, but it also contained an account of the movement of Bragg's army, which was being transferred by rail to Mobile, from which point it was to be forwarded to Chattanooga. Commenting on this roundabout movement of the main army of the Confederates in the west, the editor said, "This means that Bragg will transfer the fighting from northern Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee to the banks of the Ohio before the summer is over." And the editor was so entirely correct that Bragg would have been quite justified in hanging him without further evidence.

I folded the paper and was putting it carefully away in an inside pocket, when Hugh McNeil's Hen began making signs of disapproval. His face became livid, and he muttered and made a dive to recover the paper. As he did he threw back the matted hair from his forehead and I saw for an instant a purple, crescent shaped scar running from temple to temple about a half inch below the hair, and I concluded that this was the reason for the poor fellow's dementia.

"Hold up, Hen!" cried Lin Moore, and he laid his hand restraining on the idiot's arm. "The cap'n'll pay you for that."

Acting on the hint I offered Hen a dollar, but he refused it; then I recalled that I had in my saddlebag a barlow knife, which I had used for cleaning out my horse's hoofs; this I gave him, and he received it with a whole covey of bob white calls.

In a direct line we were not a Tennessee; indeed, while I was glancing over the paper, I could see rising above the trees to the southeast the smoke of the little steamer which the Confederates used as a ferryboat. The position was

delicate, and it was necessary to act quickly. The men were distributed to examine the river below the bend and above the town, with orders to meet for the return at noon in the same place.

Lin Moore accompanied me to a point which he promised would give me a good chance to note the extent of the western and river defenses of the little city. To my great discomfort Hugh McNeil's Hen kept close to our heels, whittling the splintered gunstock with the barlow knife.

"Thar aint no dainjah from Hen," said Lin Moore in response to my question. "If so be he was to see blood hit'd drive him plum wild with fear. Come up har, Hen." The guide halted till Hen, still intent on testing his knife, stood before him. "Just look thar, cap'n, now w'at do you uns think thar is?" He pushed up the matted hair from the idiot's forehead and discovered the purple crescent I had noticed before.

"That was a terrible wound when first made," I said, "and I presume it is the cause of the poor fellow's present condition."

"Wa'al, yass," drawled the guide, as he let the hair fall and we resumed our tramp up the hill, the summit of which was not five hundred yards from the river, and within rifle reach of the nearest Confederate camp. "But that wound wasn't made on Hen's head, but on his father's. If you uns ever see Hugh McNeil—and hit's mos' likely yo' will, if so be we uns git into Marion county, fo' he lives in the hills nigh to Jasper—notice his forehead, and yo'll see the skull kinder caved in in a circle like that scar on Hen's. Hit all happened 'bout foah months ago' Hen was bawn. Hugh—he was a pow'ful drinkin man in them days—got into a fight with a blacksmith down to Jasper, and the blacksmith fetched him a clip on the head with a twenty pound sledge hammer and hit laid him out. Sue McNeil heard her husband was dead and she come down to the town, where she found a doctor perpharin to fix the wound, and when she seed hit she fell right ovah in a faint. That's why Hen's got the mark and is as he is, and can't abide the sight of blood."

This was said in the guide's low, careful tones, and he might have kept on, for Hugh McNeil's Hen was evidently a congenial subject with him, had we not reached the rocky crown of the hill, from which we could see the sunlight flashing on the arms of the Confederates and distinguished the uniforms of the men from those of the officers, who at that time had a barbaric fondness for tin and gold lace.

Lin Moore prevailed on Hen to sit down in the shadow of a rock while I examined the splendid panorama of river, mountain, town and camp spread out to the east, though the aesthetic aspect of the view had no attractions for me at that time.

Before starting out on this expedition I was furnished with a number of outline maps of the region to be traversed and examined on the scout. My instructions were to note in detail on this outline all the elevations, valleys, streams, roads, farms, bridges, fords, everything indeed that might be of use to an advancing army. After making my examination by means of the field glass, I laid it down, and without paying any heed to Hugh McNeil's Hen I unfolded my map and began penciling in the points of importance before me.

I became so intent in my work that I forgot all about my companions, and I might have kept on for another half hour had not the guide, who had kept along the hill and closer to the river, come hurrying back. With more nervousness in his voice and manner than I had yet seen, he said:

"I reckon, cap'n, we uns had bettah be lightnin out."

"What's up?" I asked.

"Thar's a lot of Confeds come ovah to this side of the rivah," he replied.

I folded up the map, put it carefully away with my pencils, then turned to pick up my field glasses, but to my amazement they were gone and so was Hugh McNeil's Hen.

I found no comfort in the guide's statement that the idiot "did not do this for bad." But more important matters than the loss of my valuable glasses now attracted our attention. I could distinctly see with the unaided eye, for they were now not a quarter of a mile away, a body of cavalry, at least a troop in strength, coming on a smart trot, like men who had an important objective point ahead.

"I hope the rest of the boys'll be a-waitin fo' us," said the guide, as at a run we dashed down to where our horses were grazing and we had made camp the night before. To my great relief I found the men waiting and all the horses saddled. They, too, had seen the danger and were nervously awaiting our return.

CHAPTER II.



"By Jove, Mtn, you are a brick, and I like you."

I think I can say without vanity that I saw some trying service in the west on scouting expeditions, and had a good opportunity to study the men selected for this very essential and very hazardous work. They were, and I cannot recall an exception to this, the pick of our cavalry force. When not detailed for the work, because of their familiarity with the country to be traversed, the scouts were men of marked intelligence and self control.

We were well mounted, except that our horses were rather thick about the girth, owing to their having to subsist entirely on grass, which at that time was rich and abundant in all the valleys in this part of Tennessee. I was very sure, from the strength of the enemy's cavalry and the manner of their advance, that my own little party had not attracted their notice, but the chances were they were sent out by General Ledbetter, then in command at Chattanooga, to surprise the main body of our detail scouring through the country between "the coal mines" and the village of Jasper at the junction of the Sequatchie and the Tennessee.

Acting on the advice of Lin Moore, our horse, we rode for the north instead of making for the west in advance of the Confederates. After we had placed a ridge between us and the enemy, we brought our horses down to a trot and again turned westward, so that we were traveling in the same general direction as the Confederates and not more than two miles apart. About two hours after our start from the camp of the night before we halted our panting animals on the crest of a ridge that commanded a magnificent view of the undulating, heavily timbered country sweeping down to the Tennessee. But what most attracted our attention was the flashing of the sunlight on the arms of the Confederates.

More than once I cursed in my heart Hugh McNeil's Hen, who had stolen my field glasses, but the veriest recruit could tell that there was more than one troop of the enemy marching for the west, and the sight of a number of canvas covered wagons coming over the slopes from Chattanooga convinced me that the Confederates were not out on a mountain raid. I had no reason to believe that the main force, under Lieutenants Arthur and Brown, was not quite so vigilant as it had been. They certainly, with fifty-four men, were better able to care for themselves if it came to a fight, yet I felt nervous, thinking they might be surprised, and knowing that by this time their whereabouts and purpose were known to the enemy, for at that time every southern sympathizer within our lines felt it to be his religious as well as patriotic duty to play the spy for his own side. On hearing my fears Lin Moore said, with the quiet drawl that distinguishes the southern mountaineer, "I reckon, cap'n, ez how yo' mont be right. Now, do you uns think yo' knows the road to the coal mines, leastwise that you uns ken get thar, fo' thar aint no road?"

I assured him that I had no doubt about my ability to reach the point named, or to get back with my men to Sill's brigade, which had been advanced before our departure in the direction of Bridgeport. Then I asked him why he put this question. I recall his response as if it were uttered a minute ago:

"If you uns ken get through, hit'll be better fo' me to light out and go hit alone. I ken travel afoot ovah these har hills better'n any critter that ever wore hoofs, and ef so be them Confeds ken git ahead of me or ketch me, I'll give 'em leave to hang me and be d—d to 'em."

I felt that my six men and myself could get through, though we might have to kill our horses, a loss which, under the circumstances, was not worth a consideration, but I knew that the main force could neither move so fast nor hide so readily. It did not take me long to decide. I told Lin Moore what I wished him to say to the officers, and made him repeat it over twice. He wanted me to write a letter and to instruct the maps to his care, promising to give them to General Sill or General Mitchell, but though I had implicit faith in him, I knew that if he was taken with such papers in his possession he would be hanged as a spy, and therefore I declined.

Five minutes after his proposition was first made, Lin Moore, with his rifle on his shoulder, was running down the western slope of Walden's ridge with the long, tireless spring that no horse could have kept up for half a day.

Before the guide was out of sight we resumed our march and kept steadily on till the middle of the afternoon. We passed a number of cabins and saw an occasional mountaineer hoeing in his corn patch, but refusing the signals to stop for a chat we made no halt till it became necessary to feed our dripping horses.

While the animals were grazing, our vigilance was not abated, but each man took a position from which he could look out for the enemy, the orders being to report any unusual sight or sound, even if it did not indicate danger. With my carbine thrown across my lap I sat down on an elevation to write up my itinerary, but I had not been at it for many minutes when I was startled by hearing quick breathing and the rapid beating of unshod feet behind me. Starting up with an alarm that I would have been slow to acknowledge at the time, I found myself face to face with Hugh McNeil's Hen.

"Hello, you thief!" I called out, and I raised my carbine threateningly.

"Where are my glasses!"

He muttered something I could not understand and covered his eyes with his big freckled hands, and I could see that he was trembling. Ashamed of myself, I lowered the piece and slung it at my back. Looking through his fingers, the idiot saw this, and with a cry of joy that suggested the pleased barking of a dog, he reached out his hand in greeting and I took it.

On the instant Hugh McNeil's Hen laid on the ground his harmless old musket and his battered knapsack. When he began to open the latter I bent over him, for I felt sure that the glasses would be discovered there, but no, there was nothing in it but the scraps of cloth and the pieces of quartz crystal I had noticed there in the morning, but from the depths he fished out two newspapers and held them up while he laughed and skipped about in great glee.

The papers proved to be old copies of the Memphis Appeal and the Cincinnati

Enquirer, neither of any use except as they illustrated the unity of feeling that existed at that time between those people north and south who were most bitterly opposed to the methods of President Lincoln. It was evident that Hugh McNeil's Hen had been in some Confederate camp, and quite possible that he had exchanged my glasses for the papers, thinking to please myself or Lin Moore, or perhaps to secure another reward.

"Been to Chattanooga?" I asked, and shouted my words as if he were deaf and motioned to the east.

"Yass, yes. Over dar. Right smart grays. Whar's Lin?" and he pushed back his matted hair, again revealing the scar, and looked eagerly about him.

"Gone," I replied.

"Nevah come back?"

"Oh, yes; I hope so."

"Where Lin go?"

"I can't say."

Having no more use for this strange creature, I gave the order to saddle up, and within a few minutes we were again on the march. Hugh McNeil's Hen was not so easily shocked off. He motioned that he wanted to sit in the vacant saddle, but I shook my head and motioned him away. Not at all discouraged, however, he strode at a dead trot with a tireless swing that I envied.

I felt there was no danger in the fellow's presence, yet it made me uneasy and I wanted to be rid of him. I was on the point of calling him to me and telling him as best I could that Lin Moore had gone in the direction of the river, hoping that he would take the same course and free us of his presence; but before I could put my plan into execution he vanished amid the trees in front, which suddenly resounded with the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks and the cries of other animals, interspersed with sounds like "Boom! boom! boom!"—intended, no doubt, to represent the firing of guns.

Gradually the sounds died out far in front, and I congratulated myself on seeing the last of this afflicted creature, but I was mistaken.

Just as I was getting along and I was looking about for grass along the margins of the many streams that beset our course, a tall, powerfully built man, with reddish hair and a villainous looking face, appeared on the trail before us. Our sudden appearance did not seem to affect him any more than the sight of his own long shadow. He took off his rag of a hat, pushed up his hair, and in so doing revealed a scar along his forehead much like that on the idiot's, and called out in a lusty tone of camaraderie:

"Good evenin, boys. How goes hit?"

"First rate," I replied. "How is it with you, Hugh McNeil?"

This question startled him. He came nearer, looked me all over in an insolently critical way, then asked:

"Do you uns b'long round har?"

"No," I said.

"Whar do you uns come from?"

"Up Chattanooga way."

"The h—I you say?"

"Yes, that's what I do say."

"I hain't never seed you uns befoah."

"There are lots of men you haven't seen," I laughed.

"But you uns called me Hugh McNeil."

"Well, isn't that your name? Are you ashamed of it?"

"No, I hain't, by —! But I want to know how you uns knowed hit."

"That's my secret."

"Say, stranger, ain't you uns Yanks?" and Hugh McNeil, for this was the idiot's father, took off his hat, rubbed up his red hair, again and made a tour of inspection about the little party.

Anxious to learn which side he leaned toward before I committed myself, I said:

"We are scouts." Then before he could express himself dissatisfied with this explanation, I hurriedly asked, "Which side do you train with, Hugh?"

"You uns is so d—d smart ez to know my name without noone tellin hit, now I reckon thar would be no trouble fo' you uns to tell whether I'm a blue or a gray," and he laughed and shook himself in a way that was not reassuring.

"You were Lin Moore's friend before the war?" I said.

"Yes, the d—d traitor; and I hain't nis friend no moah, and ef so be he's cotched in these har hills, I'll go miles and miles on my hands and knees to see him strung up."

This decided me on the instant as to the fellow's leanings, but anxious to make use of him I reached out my hand and said: "Good for you, Hugh McNeil! I'm with you there."

"What! hain't you uns Yanks with them blue clothes on?" he asked, and he eyed us over again.

"Your Hen wears a blue jacket; does that make him a Yank?"

"Wa'al, no; coz nawthin could make my Hen anythin but what God Almighty made him, and that's a d—d ejjit."

"Hugh McNeil, have you all the money you want?"

By this time we were all dismounted, it being a rule to rest our horses whenever a halt was made that held us over five minutes. We had plenty of Confederate money along, and I decided to pay him liberally in this if he would replenish our rations and get some corn for our horses.

With a long string of oaths he assured me that he was "a pore man," but if he had the money he was sure he could get us all the bread, meat and corn our party wanted.

I gave him a hundred dollars in the promises to pay of Confederation, and as the bills were of small denominations the pile counted into his dirty palm looked like a fortune. The sight of so much money had on him a most soothing effect. He told us that his wife was dead, but that his daughter kept house for him in a cabin close by, and that if we came there and let our horses graze he would go off and "skrimmidge" for the necessary supplies.

In answer to my question as to whether there was any danger from the Yankees in that neighborhood, he assured me there was not, "nor from grays nuther," and I imagined that he gave unusual emphasis to the latter assurance.

Following him, we led our horses down the hill and up a long valley. By this time it was dark, but the light in yellow and the barking of the customary frowl our told us that McNeil's home was near by.

Concluded next week.

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God set thee on this Norman plain,
Scarce opened flower.
Lest the hot breath of man should stain
Thy noon's bright hour;
And yet—and yet, thou dreamest here,
Dreamest of what?
Though there's no sign that Love is near
I trust him not.
As the hid honey draws the bee,
So the rogue knows
What the sweet human heart of thee
Hath to disclose;
He'll flash upon thee from the sky
Or to thee creep
In cruel haste to hear thee sigh
And see thee weep.

—John Reil.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

My folks jest hollered right out when I told 'em I was goin' to marry the German gentleman that had boarded to Aunt Sarah's all summer. They was opposed to furriners, you see, but when they knowed him they couldn't help ownin' up that he was real pleasant, and the way he learned American was enough to amaze a sea-sar-pent. Why, 'twarn't six months before he spoke it jest as perfect as our folks did, e'en a most, only fur "the." He couldn't never say "the," and never wout', but his grammar I couldn't find no fault with myself.

And jest about then he perposed to me and I married him.

Well, 'twas sort of funny to be called Mis' Schimmelwizer (that's the nearest I ever he come to my married name yet. When I write I allers sign myself "Nep-tany," as formerly), but nobody objected.

I had jest the shiniest little house—most everything was varnished so't you stuck to it passing of you warn't keeful, and the lumferkins was gorgeous. But into the midst of this here paradise came a serpent. Waal, so it kinder seemed to me at first.

'Twas a letter sayin that Paul's mar was a-comin' to live with him. Seemed to me I should expire when he translated that letter into American. Sez I, "I want to know!" That was all I could say. As fur him, he was wild with joy. I expected to see him turn summersaults.

"Now I haff all dat heart couldt vish," he said, "dat best beloved und ever devoted of moders und dis dearest of vives!" I didn't want to hurt his feelings, so I tried to grin, but it wasn't easy.

"So," he said, "ve shall be a happy party. She vill teach you to cook sauerkraut und make noodle soup."

"That'll be real nice," sez I, trying not to beller right out, though tears would come. "Ah, ve feel de same," he said, getting out his handkerchief. "See, I veep also. And ve vill ave of music. Ah, she plays on de violin. Ah, beautiful—dot accomplished mother!"

Now, I didn't know jest what he meant by a "violin," but I said, "Well, I like a tune myself, whatever it is on," and I let him talk on till he had to go to the store. Then I jest sot down and give up. Mothers-in-law ain't pleasant prospex anyway, but furrin ones, sez I to myself, must be even wuss, and all my peace and happiness seemed to me to be flyin jest as fast as it could up chimney.

Next day was Sunday, and we went to church, and the minister's tex' was about bearin the burdens that was giv' you to carry, and he preached beautiful; and comin out, sez I to myself: "Well, seem what awful packs some has to carry about, I ought to be willin to take my easy one, so I'll jest h'ist my mother-in-law pig-a-back and get along the best I kin with her. And I'd orter, fur Paul is real good, and deserves it, and a man that loves his mar will love his wife." And I thought what a wicked thing it was fur a wife to put herself against her husband's mother, that he'd suffered, fur him, and cared fur him, and carried him in her arms, and sot up with him when he bed croup und measles, and like as not saved up and wore old bun-nits to give him schoolin, and I walked out on Paul's arm feelin real good and Christian, and made flopper fur dessert.

He was going away for a few days. The firm had sent him to buy fur them—which was a step—and his salary was to be raised—which warn't to be despised of—mars-in-law, however worthy, was cumin—and we parted as feelin as ef we was steady company; fur, with so many blow ups and coltsims in all the newspapers, who could be sure we'd ever meet again?

"Oh, may be come back safe!" sez I to myself as I watched the retreatin cow-cacher. "Even hevin a Dutch mother-in-law is preferential to bein a widdier," and I went home calkerlatin to put things to rights, and invite mar and Mirandy and Lizer Jane to come and pay me a visit. And I had got things pretty slick, and was just polishin off the front windows with a shammy, when somebody hollered to me from down below, "Say, lady!" and when I turned my head, so as to see him good, there was a man lookin up at the house and sez he, "Excuse me, lady, but do you know of anybody that's expectin a Dutch lady?"

When I heard that, I wonder that I didn't tumble out of the window, I was so skeered and upst.

"Wait a minute," sez I. "I'll cum down." And down I went.

There he stood.

"Lady, excuse me," sez he again. "I've been drivin a Dutch lady and her trunk around the hull mornin, fur I've got a mother myself, and hadn't the heart to leave her in the street, especial as I see that she was beset to get herself run over, as they mostly are. She's jest off a German steamer, and she's lookin fur her son—so the man that put her aboard said—and she's lost a paper she hed the direction writ on, but I think it was somewhere about here."

"Yes," sez I, "I guess it must be. I'm expectin my mar-in-law from Germany."

"Well, I am thankful," sez he. "She's jest around the corner, and I'll fetch her up."

So he went away, and I expected to see a cab drive up, but instead of that in a minute he cum leadin a dray horse, and on the dray was a big blue trunk and a bundle, and on the trunk was—I scursly know what—looked like a dirty ball of knittin wusted as much as anything, or two or three old stockings raveled out and bunched together, but it was bellern out loud and sayin subtin despurit in Dutch, and claspin its mits—red mits it hed onto it—and I made out 'twas an old lady. And when the drayman had h'isted her down and tried to make her understand she hed orter pay fur her ride, but couldn't, so I paid,

quite willin as far as that went. He lugged the blue box and the bundle to my flat, and I kept sayin:

"Real glad to see you, Mar Schimmelwizer; come right in, do."
But she didn't seem to understand me, but only clasped her hands and said, "Nine," and bellered until quite soon a crowd got around the stoop, and I hed to ask the drayman whether or no he woutn't take a quarter more to carry her up. I didn't speak German and she couldn't understand American, and my husband was away. And he did it, and the way she shruck would have skeered a peacock.

Well, there I was alone with my mar-in-law, and I tried to make her understand, "Take a cheer and sot down," and "Take off your bunnit and make yourself to hum." But still she bellered. Then I thought, not findin her son there, she was skeered, which was nat'ral, so sez I, "All right, he's fust rate." But she only moaned. Then I said, "He's real smart—jest as chipper as kin be."

But she only shook her head and said something, but what she meant I couldn't tell you. I was to be electroplated fur not doing it. Then suddenly it cum into my mind that mebbe the poor thing was hungry. So, as 'twasn't no use in talkin I jest put on my coffee pot and sot the table, and p'inted to my mouth occasion ally to show her virticals was most ready, and ef you'll believe it, she did stop cryin and began to smile. But when I pushed up a cheer and said, "Sot hy, Mar Schimmelwizer," instead of sotting hy like a Christian, she took a big yulier bowl off the closet shelf and dumped most of the coffee into it, and took a whole loaf and sot down on a little bench in the corner and tore the loaf to pieces, and sopped it in the coffee and et every smit.

And when she got through, ef she didn't wash the bowl and put it on a shelf, and pat her chest and grin again! And then she went to sleep in the corner, and the more I shruck "Mar Schimmelwizer, ef you're sleepy why don't you lay down into your bedroom and take a nap?" the more she didn't understand me. But I put on the coffee pot again and laid another loaf handy, and she took her evening meal jest the same way she took her mornin, while I kept sayin, "New, Neptany, my dear, remember folks is born furrin, and can't help it, and you want you should do your duty by your husband."

After she'd finished she began to walk round in a circle and say what seemed to me was "Schloffensy." So I opened the bedroom door and poked her in, and soon as she saw the bedstead she untied the big bundle and got out two feather beds, and set in between them without so much as takin off her worsteds—only jest her shoes.

Well, my burden was heavy, but it was goin to be heavier, fur next mornin, when I got up, mar-in-law was gone. Her trunk was open and I heard a tinklin sound in the street, and lookin out of the window there sot my mar-in-law playin onto her music machine, with a crowd of young uns round her, and now and then somebody puttin money into her apron. Horror seized onto me at that there sight, and down I went to the front door.

"Mar Schimmelwizer," sez I, "you certainly air playin beautiful and most talented, jest as Paul mentioned you could, but do cum and sot into the parlor and play, or you'll be took for a beggar. Only them plays in the streets here," sez I.

Well, she didn't understand, or woutn't, and kept on: she kept on all day, and about 5 o'clock the landlady came in, and she was awful.

"I let the house to your husband," sez she, "thinkin he was a gentleman," sez she; "but now," sez she, "it seems his folks is 'perfectional beggars,' sez she, and 'I can't hev 'em,' sez she, 'playin on my door step,' sez she. 'I'll have warnin from all my tenants,' sez she. 'I'm mortified to death,' sez she.

"Miss Smith," sez I, "you can't be more mortified than I be, but what kin I do? I suppose ladies does play out of doors in Germany. If you could speak it maybe you could tell her they didn't here, and I'd be obliged."

"I never wished," sez she, "to learn none of them furrin dialecks," sez she, "so I can't."

"Well," sez I, "remonstrations ain't no use so long as they hev to be spoke in American, so I'll jest get somebody to fetch her up and put her in her room. It'll be all right when my husband comes," sez I, "and I beg fur to state," sez I, "that mar-in-law ain't playin on that violin as a beggar; it's only her accomplices that she thinks the children as admirin, and I suppose her ways of dressin is pecoliar to us because they air furrin."

Well, she turned round then, Miss Smith did, and we went out and got a laborin man out of work to fetch Mar Schimmelwizer up stairs pig-a-back, while I lolled on with the violin, and she shruck fearful, and all the ladies in the flats wus talkin to each other about it, and I couldn't blame 'em. And a frightful time I had of it, though she quieted down to drink coffee and eat bread the old way and counted up all the money folks had give her—quite a lot—and tied it in a red handkerchief and went to bed at last in her things again, and though I had a wash basin and ewer and towels and lovely soap fur her, she hadn't washed her face or hands since she came, and they looked it. At 10 o'clock I was sartin by my window feelin dreadful when I heard the door open, and, thank goodness, in came my husband. I wus glad to see him fur all reasons, and I prayed fur strength fur to mention his mother as I had ought to. At last sez I:

"Your dear mar has arriv, Paul!"

"Ach," sez he, "but impossible: dere is not time."

"She's made it then," sez I, "fur she is in there."

"I must embrace her," sez he, and up he gets and rushes into the room, and the most dreadful squawking began. When he began to embrace her she flied at him, I heerd afterward; then they talked quite a spell; then out come Paul, shutting the door behind him, and stood and looked at me.

"My vells beloved wife," sez he at last, "how comes it dot you believe dot dis vas my mod'er? I haff neffer before seen dis old woman."

"She ain't your mar?" sez I.

"No, my wife," sez he, "and I confess I am surprised dot you should believe dot I haff a mod'er like dot—a beggar dot plays a hurdy gurdy!"

"Oh, Paul!" sez I. "I think she was dreadful. But I laid it to bein furrin, and I tried to do my duty. But, oh, be joyfull she isn't no relation, fur how I could have stood it I don't know. And I thought that



THE RIGHT TO THE ROAD.

Like dreams the changing years have fled
Into the realm of the silent dead
Since seventeen seventy-five, and June
Made bridal dance to the river's tune.
And then, as now, on the world's broad face
The loveliest green clad, leaf-crowned space
Was the old West road to the ferrying place.
Here Jonathan Parsons, a man of peace,
On a cart leaped high with the earth's in-crease,
Through woodland sweet with the flowering
thorn,
Came riding up from his fields of corn.

General Washington's coach of state,
Bound for Cambridge, had reached the lane:
In it the general, grave, sedate,
Sat planning the course of a great campaign,
For a terrible struggle possessed the land,
And the fate of a nation was in his hand!
Riding before him a horseman in chain:
If the truth be told they were young and vain:
They reached at length, in the narrow road,
The farmer, perched on his fragrant load.

"Lazy bones, haste! You are all too slow:
How can we pass, we should like to know?
General Washington rides this way:
Turn out, turn out for the coach!" cried they.
But Parsons doubted the courier's word,
The soldier hero?—'twas quite absurd!
He was still in congress the last he heard!
He turned—looked back through the vista
green;

No sign of the uncrowned king was seen.
These were playful youths, it was very plain!
He would meet their sport with a calm disdain!
And his right to the road to the end maintain,

A droll procession in truth they made
That summer day in the green arched glade!
A frowny colt was the first in view,
Vanguard of the rustic's retinue!

A white mare next, then a brown one four
("Five cattle team," the name it bore);
Then the peasant prince, who a crown would
scorn,
High on his throne of fresh cut corn;

The baffled horsemen behind him came,
And last of all rode the one whose name
Was yet to conquer the pride of kings.

Whose truth and courage the world yet sings!
Still unmindful of rank so near,
Parsons the order refused to hear,
When, nearing the ferry where all must wait—
"Make way, make way for the coach of state!"
Again they cried in a stern command:

He paid the toll, and the great gate he flung
He calmly got down at the river's brink
To let the mare and the oxen drink!

He turned—and then, for the first time saw
The strong right arm of the colonies' law!
A freeman true, he had dared to stand,
And the right to the king's highway demand!
In the face of the greatest in the land!
He speechless stood, and his brown face paled,
While the scouts to their chief the affair de-tailed.

"He was right!" was Washington's wise reply:
"He's as good a right to the road as I!"
—Ernest N. Baggs in Youth's Companion.

Sleight of Hand Poisoning.
A very curious item in toxicological lore I chanced to light upon may be called the feat of poisoning by sleight of hand. You were jealous of a lady and you wished to kill her. Well, you asked her to lunch, and you caused a very nice peach to be served at dessert. You cut the fruit with a golden knife, one side of the blade of which was endued with a deadly poison. You presented the poisoned half of the peach to the lady, who ate it with much relish and then dropped down dead.

The wholesome half you ate yourself, and laughed in your sleeve, and went on slicing more peaches for the ladies of whom you were jealous—till you were found out and broken on the wheel. Aye, there's the rub! What high old times we might have, to be sure, but for that plaguey contingency of being found out.

—G. A. Sala in London Sunday Times.

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THE BEST NEWS FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES IN

THE BOSTON HERALD

Daily . . . 50c. a Month. Sunday . . . \$2.00 a Year.

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Into the realm of the silent dead
Since seventeen seventy-five, and June
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Came riding up from his fields of corn.

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In it the general, grave, sedate,
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These were playful youths, it was very plain!
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And his right to the road to the end maintain,

A droll procession in truth they made
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A frowny colt was the first in view,
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Then the peasant prince, who a crown would
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High on his throne of fresh cut corn;

The baffled horsemen behind him came,
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Marriages and Deaths—free.

At the State House.

With less of friction and in less time than has often been consumed in preliminaries, the business of choosing officers of the Legislature of 1893 has been completed and Governor Russell and his associates in the executive departments installed into office.

Prior to the official convening of the Legislature the Republican members met in caucus, where a ballot, speedily reached, conferred the honor of a fifth term as Speaker of the House on Hon. Wm. E. Barrett, named Mr. McLaughlin as clerk and continued Capt. J. B. Adams in the office of Sergeant-at-Arms. The active opposition to Mr. Barrett and Capt. Adams which has occupied a large place in the columns of the daily papers of late made but a small showing in actual votes polled. There was no opposition in the Senate to the re-election of the officers serving in that body last year, and they were elected on Wednesday.

The most important event, however, was the caucus of the Republican members of the Legislature held in the "Green Room," Wednesday afternoon, to decide who should be the Republican candidate to be voted for January 17, when the vacancy in the office of U. S. Senator caused by the retirement of Hon. Henry L. Dawes is to be filled. The meeting was a notable one because it establishes precedent in response to a clear demand from the masses of voters in the State that matters of moment to the party shall be discussed in caucus, settled by a majority vote and the decision reached be abided by. It was almost equally important and satisfactory because only 9 of the 193 Republican members failed to be recorded in the vote.

There was active opposition to the selection of Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge as the candidate, and the largest liberty was granted those who had reasons to advance why another man should be accorded the honor, but when the votes came to be counted Mr. Lodge not only had a majority of the votes cast but a clear majority of the entire Legislature, he having 147 votes to 39 cast for others.

This vote is not only a splendid tribute to the signal ability of Mr. Lodge from the chosen men of the State entrusted with important duties, but a clear expression of the will of the mass of voters in the Republican party.

Mr. Lodge will enter the Senate with far more than an ordinary equipment for useful and conspicuous service. He has made statesmanship both a study and a profession, and has distinguished himself almost equally as a student of political history and as a maker of it. He is a painstaking investigator as well as a skilled debater, an excellent parliamentarian as well as an effective orator. It is safe to predict that he will early take a position of leadership in the Senate as he has in the House. The Republicans will be in the minority in the next Senate, but alert and aggressive leadership will not be the less needed on that account.

Facts vs. Impressions.

It is far from uncommon to hear the statement made that there is more drunkenness under no-license than when licenses are granted. When the author of this statement is pressed for evidence, he invariably replies that such is his "impression." Impressions are valuable sometimes; but when they disagree with the facts, they are worse than useless.

The Prison Commissioners of Massachusetts make the most thorough report on the crime of any state commission. They go further than the officials of other states, and give the arrests for crime made in the State for the year, comparing the total arrests for drunkenness in each city. There is no higher statistical authority than this, and we are ready to appeal from any man's impressions to this authority and there let the merits of the no-license policy rest.

In the license cities of the State the percentage of arrests for drunkenness was 68.71 per cent.; in the no-license cities, 53.67 per cent. Average per cent. of arrests to population in license cities 5.83 per cent.; in no-license cities 2.52 per cent. Average per cent. of drunks to population in license cities 4.50 per cent.; in no-license cities 1.34 per cent. It will be seen that the average per centage of arrests for crime in the license cities is two and one third times as great.

Here are reliable facts which are much more valuable than any person's "impressions" upon the subject. No-license when tried by any statistical test or fair investigation is not found wanting. It should be noted that data given above

treats only of the cities of the Commonwealth; were the towns also included, of course even a better showing could be made for the no-license policy.

Attorney-General Pillsbury, who has been seriously sick at Northampton for a week or two, is steadily improving in health and is now considered out of danger.

The Geo. W. Gale Lumber Co. has issued a peculiarly neat and serviceable booklet almanac for 1893, which contains other matters of special interest to residents of Cambridge and Somerville.

Dr. Ralph Butterfield, the hermit who died very recently and left \$200,000 to Dartmouth College, became a recluse through a love affair. In 1849 he went from Boston to Yazoo City, Miss., where he was stricken with fever in 1850. He was attended by Dr. Ford, now of St. Louis, who took him to his plantation home, Elysian Fields, not far from Natchez. There he fell in love with Miss Victoria Ford, sister of his benefactor. His love was not reciprocated. This changed Dr. Butterfield's course in life, and he at once changed from a buoyant young man to a recluse.

It was announced on Wednesday that the long talked of consolidation of the several depots of the present Boston & Maine system,—B. & M., Lowell and Eastern,—under one immense structure, would be accomplished in the near future. The plan as presented shows a continuation of the present B. & M. structure, two stories in height, to beyond the B. & M. tracks, thus furnishing track space under one roof for the business of the three lines. This plan of course involves the abandoning of the Haymarket square station. This change will not only do away with the dangerous street crossings on the B. & M. main line, but will prove an added convenience to the traveling public.

An examination of the "Visitors' Book" used at old Faneuil Hall, in Boston, discovers the fact that nearly one half of the entire signatures in 1892 were made during July and August. The fact rather strikingly suggests the unique position of Boston as a "summer city." While very many well-to-do townspeople flee during the heated season to the North Shore and Mt. Desert, thousands of strangers from the South and West seek Boston as a perfect haven of coolness and salubrity. They come for health and rest, and they apparently find them, too, for they return in increasing numbers every season. Bunker Hill, old "Funnel" Hall and the other historic show places have no more eager or appreciative admirers.

Mr. Henry A. Clapp, the dramatic critic, read a paper Wednesday evening Dec. 28, before the Goethe Society of New York on "The Theatre in Modern American Life." Mr. Clapp maintained that the theatre of to-day is ruled by the masses and that the masses are not an intellectual class. Their only amusement is the theatre and they demand of it the most trivial sort of entertainment. Mr. Clapp pictured a subsidized theatre, backed by a number of wealthy gentlemen and managed by a man of the highest literary taste. He thought that by this sort of operating the people could be forced to accept, and in time be led to prefer, high-class drama. The Theatre of Arts and Letters was well enough in its way, he intimated, but it didn't weigh enough.

Messrs. Raymond & Whitecomb's schedule of excursions to the World's Columbian Exposition next summer includes no less than 116 trips from Boston, besides others from New York and Philadelphia. This is by far the largest enterprise of the kind ever undertaken. Each party will travel to and from Chicago in a special train of magnificent new Pullman vestibuled sleepers with a dining-car, and the service will amount to particularly a daily train from the East. In Chicago the parties are to make their headquarters at The Raymond & Whitecomb Grand Hotel, a splendid new structure of brick, with a bath-room for every two apartments, electric light, steam heat, and every other first-class appointment. The site is on three quiet boulevards (Fifty-ninth street, and Madison and Washington avenues) within 1,000 feet of the Exposition grounds. Oscar G. Barron, of the White Mountain Fabian House will be the manager. A book giving full details about the superior accommodations thus provided for New England visitors to the Fair will be mailed to any address by Raymond & Whitecomb, 206 Washington street, Boston.

In the Massachusetts city elections this year local prohibition made most astonishing gains. Eighteen out of thirty cities voted for no-license, and even Boston came near endorsing the same policy. The vote in nearly all the city elections was influenced to a very slight degree by the party allegiance of the voters. In Boston, for example, where the license majority was but 1,300, the Democratic candidate for Mayor had a majority of 13,000, so that at the very least 12,000 Democrats voted for prohibition. This, however, is a minimum estimate, for the detailed vote by wards shows that the Republican wards were quite as likely to vote in favor of license as the Democratic wards, the two strongest Republican wards giving a majority of 900 in favor of license. In the vote

for Alderman the Democratic candidate in the first district was defeated by 200 votes, although the Democratic candidate for Mayor carried this district by 1,100. The reason this candidate was defeated was because he "had been" a liquor-dealer. When such votes as these are polled in the Irish cities of Massachusetts, there is no reason to despair of the legal suppression of the bar-rooms in every district in the country through local option. State prohibition could now be carried in every state in the country were it not for the conscientious refusal of thousands of temperance men to vote for a law which the police of every city would have the local option of enforcing or using for purposes of blackmail.—Christian Union.

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Puritan in Holland, England and America, The. 2v. Douglas Campbell. 285.1
Quaker girl of Nantucket, A. Mary C. Lee. 592.3.1
Railroad transportation: its history and its laws. A. T. Hadley. 656.1
Roland Blake. S. W. Mitchell. 678.4.1
Salem Public Library. Fourth supplement to the Finding-list. Oct., 1892. R. L.
Sane lunatic, A. Clara L. Burnham. 2345.3
Some strange corners of our country. The wonderland of the Southwest. C. F. Lummis. 963.2
Spectator, The. 3v. Addison and Steele. With notes, etc. by H. Morley. 1221.50
Squire's daughter, The. A story for girls. Lucy C. Lillie. 598.8.1
Taking the Bastille; or, six years later. Sequel to "The queen's Necklace." Alexandre Dumas. 3559.7
Talks about a fine art. Elizabeth Glover. 173.1
Taxation of women in Mass.; Woman suffrage a right, not a privilege. W. I. Bowditch. 396.1
Woman and the Commonwealth. G. Pellew. 3 pamphlets in one vol.
United States and foreign powers. W. E. Curtis. 924.1
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Woburn, Legends of. 1642. 1892. P. L. Converse. 950.2
Wrecker, The. R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osburne. 874.0.1
Zachary Phips. E. L. Bynner. 2392.1
December 30, 1892.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. If you have never used this great cough medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at the drug stores of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Dec. 28, 1892, by Rev. Charles H. Watson, William C. Trump, of Woonsocket, R. I., and Miss Kate C. Monahan, of Arlington.
In Arlington, Jan. 4, by the Rev. S. C. Bushnell, John T. Henderson, of Cambridge, and Miss Ada J. Drady, of Cambridge.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Dec. 31, James E. Cutler, aged 80 years, 10 months.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of "The First National Bank of Arlington," Arlington, Mass., for the election of directors and any other business that may legally come before them, will be held at their banking rooms, at 4 p. m., on the second TUESDAY in January, (Jan. 10th), 1893.

W. D. HIGGINS, Cashier.

SKIRMISH
SKITS and
SKETCHES,
—BY—
Men Who Wore the Blue
—IN THE—
"Reminiscences of the War"
—IN THE—
Boston Journal
Every Day.

Suckien's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

Their Lingering Fragrance.

Miss Kajones, after an evening spent in the parlor, had returned to the family sitting room on her way up stairs.

"Good night, papa," she said, kissing the paternal Joneses.

"Good night, dear," he answered, "and pleasant dream! What vile cigars young Ferguson smokes these days!"—Chicago Tribune.

Only One.

Yes, my boy, there are thirty-seven millions and seven hundred and forty thousand people in this country, and you are only one of them—just one! Think of that once in awhile when you get to wondering what would happen to the world if you should die!—London Tit-Bits.

New Home Sewing Machine. 160 Tremont St., Boston. Agents wanted.

TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, FREE.

TO RESIDENTS OF STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE BOSTON GLOBE has inaugurated another grand voting contest, whereby the most popular teacher of either sex, the most popular postal employee of either sex, the most popular employee of either sex in any store or mercantile business, including telegraph and telephone operators; the most popular policeman in any city or town; the most popular fireman or member of any fire department, and the most popular journeyman mechanic of any recognized trade in the State of Massachusetts can be voted for (on GLOBE coupons). The offer includes Pullman sleepers, meals en route, first-class hotels in Chicago, a ticket of admission to the fair for seven days while there. The whole trip to occupy ten days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of SYLVESTER STICKNEY, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Caroline E. Stickney, of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, and to exempt her from giving surety or securities on her bond pursuant to statute;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of February 1893, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Shorthand

And Typewriting

School for young ladies, 36 Bromfield st., Boston, room 29. For circulars address Miss N. S. HARDY, box 154, Arlington. Pupils aided to positions. 38augm

TO LET, IN LEXINGTON

two tenements in the Stevens' house, on Main street, of 7 rooms each. Apply to LEWIS HUNT. 16dec 17

FOR FIRST CLASS PLUMBING

and FURNACE WORK, send to DUNBAR & LACHAPPELLE, WEST MEDFORD.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS. CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc. For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 36 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Send for free copy. No intelligence man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York City.

FOR SALE OR TO LET

one of the best situated estates in Lexington. Four acres; house and stable; henneries, etc., and all fruits. Apply to STEPHEN TYNG, 230 Devonshire st., room 26, Boston. 2dec

TO LET.

House on the corner of Arlington Avenue and Franklin street, conveniently located, with all modern improvements. Enquire of O. W. MARSTON. 2dec

ARLINGTON AND LEXINGTON

FRUIT STORES.

All kinds of Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts and Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars. 2dec

O. GATERINO, Proprietor Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

Library of Congress, Washington. To wit: Be it remembered that on the 22nd day of Sept. 1892, J. T. Trowbridge, of Arlington, Mass., has deposited in this office the title of a book, to wit: "THE TOWN SCHOOLS," the right thereof he claims as author.

A. E. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress.

In renewal for 14 years from Dec. 4, 1892, when the first term of 20 years will have expired. 2dec 17

Tied Down
—the woman who doesn't use Pearlline. She's tied to her work, and tired with it, too. Pearlline makes another woman of her. It washes and cleans in half the time, with half the work. Nothing can be hurt by it, and every thing is saved with it. Pearlline does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Pearlline does more than soap; soap gives you more to do.

Beware
Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "This is as good as" or "the same as Pearlline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. 280 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Have You a Cough? Cure It

with CLARK'S COMPOUND TAR SYRUP.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Take your prescriptions to Clark's Prescription Pharmacy to be compounded. Our motto: Accuracy, Purity and Quick Service. Prices as low as possible consistent with the best drugs. Do not hesitate to send your children to "The Corner Drug Store" as they will receive as courteous and prompt attention as any one.

Charles B. Clark, Prescription Druggist.

IRVING LOCKE, MASON AND CONTRACTOR.

Estimates given on all kinds of mason work. Wood Mantels set and Tile work done with neatness and dispatch. Whitening and all kinds of Jobbing done.

RESIDENCE, MAIN ST., E. LEXINGTON. 18nov13w

WARM OVERCOATS, \$27.00

RED-HOT ULSTERS, 30.00

Every thing in the tailoring line at WALKER'S Tailoring Establishment, Arlington Ave. Ladies work of all kinds a specialty.

G. O. Goldsmith, HORSESHOER,

COR. ARLINGTON AVE. AND GROVE ST., ARLINGTON.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING in all its Branches.

New and Second-Hand Carriages on hand for sale.

Particular attention paid to shoeing lame horses.

28oct17

Investigation.

Omnipathy.

Four years' residence in Arlington and No Deaths in my practice; and yet I have taken quite a number of the (so called) incurables under my charge. Such as a case of Bright's disease of the kidneys, passing blood; another who was compelled to get out of bed six or eight times every night; another of cancer of the lips and throat (from 40 years use of tobacco after trying Allo and Homeopathic M. D.'s, only to throw away his money. In Mr. Stickney's store he said, in the presence of Mr. Bradley, "you are going to make me well and as an act of gratitude I am going to give you \$100. His tobacco habit is stopped. Another case of 24 years' cough and 24 years' trials of a wasting drug. During the above 4 years a young physician and a doctor's son have died in Arlington. I have many more startling cures to refer to in A. and yet some men and women are so wedded to the family M. D. that they will swallow his pills and powders only to die. I have seen four funerals in two days. During the above time I have taken thousands of cases of Consumption, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Dyspepsia, etc., under my charge all over the U. S., with only six deaths among them all. Winn's and Johnson's expressions have taken more than 100,000 people from the earth, but I have not believed my assertion, that indigestible drugs taken into the stomach, have killed millions of persons; and Dr. McClintock (for 25 years connected with a medical college in Philadelphia) said "Drugs have killed more persons than all wars combined." and yet my acquaintances will not believe him or the writer, but will be experimented upon and die only to benefit the undertaker.

I claim my mission is second only to the clergy and yet they are all the same. I will not call upon me or investigate Omnipathy; and yet will read in a loud voice Paul's significant declaration, "to Prove all Things." Is there any subject more serious or weighty? I studied Allo and his path for 6 years before I received my diploma in 1885. I have had 50 years experience. The editor of the ADVOCATE saw in my office Miss Smith who had 24 tumors cut out of her back three times, the last time in the Mass. Gen'l Hospital, only to return larger and more painful than before, and yet by Omnipathic remedies, applied to the skin, and no drugs swallowed, they have all disappeared. I have refused all my life to treat physicians or their families although asked to do so hundreds of times. Recently I have taken E. M. D.'s under my charge. Dr. F., of Springfield, is one of them and so is a smart "A" any other M. D. in New England. CONSULTATION FREE.

Nasal Catarrh cured for 50 cents. Send 50 cts. in stamps and it will be sent to you by mail. C. A. Arlington sent me six of them. Four pamphlets sent to you free.

"The Tobacco Slave," a book of 125 pages, sent to you on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. The Boston Post and Apr. 24, 1890, "For information this book is invaluable." Call or address DR. C. A. GREENE, 178 Tremont street. (Not the Nervous Greene.) Pamphlets are free.

Adaline S. Whitney, M. D., Office Hours: 2 to 4, P. M. Monument st., Lexington. 2dec 8m

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James Monkey to Edwin S. Spaulding, trustee, dated April 16, 1878, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds book 1472, page 66, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to Edwin S. Spaulding by assignments recorded with said deeds, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on MONDAY, the 14th day of January, at four o'clock p. m., all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, and therein described as follows:—

A tract of land situated in Lexington, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a ditch on a passage way leading to the "Pond" works, so called, by land of Anne Angier; thence by land of said Anne Angier in a westerly course by a ditch 51 rods; thence in a southerly course by land of said Angier by ditch 51 rods to land of Frank H. Faxon; thence by land of said Frank in an easterly course by a ditch 51 rods to a passage way owned by said Faxon; thence by said passage way to the first mentioned ditch, at and by rods.

Particulars at the Librarian of Congress, Boston.

EDWIN S. SPAULDING, Trustee.

GEO. H. REED, Attorney, Boston.

"Where Is That Pen?"

And where is the ink? you exclaim every time you want to write a letter. That is because you have no place for these constantly used articles. You should have a writing desk; then pen, ink and paper could always be found. The front of the desk drops, making a place to write on. These desks come in beautifully grained oak, or handsome mahogany, finished with brass. They are useful twenty times a day, and always an ornament.

Whidden, Seaver & Co.,

1 to 9 Washington St. BOSTON, MASS.

Comer's Commercial College

New Pupils Admitted at Any Time.

THIS institution has a reputation for thoroughness, practicality, and originality of fifty years' standing, and refers to 27,000 past pupils. Annual Prospectus, containing list of studies and terms, together with a beautiful colored calendar for 1893, mailed free upon application. Address, C. E. COMER, Principal, 666 Washington St., (Cor. Beach St.) BOSTON, MASS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue and in execution of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Sarah Anderson to Melville W. Cutler, dated July 30th, 1886, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, libro 1757, folio 507, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, being the premises described in said mortgage, on SATURDAY, the 31st day of January, A. D., 1893, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain tract of land situated in Lexington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, to wit:—

On the east on land of James Condon and land of Jewett, on the south by land of said Jewett and land late of Fletcher on the west on land late of Fletcher and land now or late of Smith, and on the north on land now or late of Abraham Smith, containing three acres, be the same more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to said Sarah Anderson by Henry F. Warren by deed recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, libro 1626, folio 276.

\$100.00 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

MELINDA W. CUTLER, Mortgagee.

30dec 3w

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of ABNER E. FRANKS, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles H. Franks, of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex, and to exempt him from giving surety or securities on his bond pursuant to statute;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the third Tuesday of January, 1893, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the LEXINGTON MINUTEMAN, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

30dec 3w

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

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Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of December,

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Happy New Year to all our readers!
Some of the little girls here have had very pleasant holiday parties.
A dramatic entertainment is on the way, which is always welcomed with joy.
Last week the "History Class" discussed the politics of the war of 1812.
Miss Annie Colidge, from the Highlands, has been visiting friends here.
Last evening the class in Christian History had for their subject "How the gospels came to be written."
The days are growing longer and sooner than we realize the winter will be in the past tense.
Next Sunday forenoon Rev. Mr. Cooke will preach on "How to make a free or unsectarian church."

It is hard to realize that we must make a "3" instead of a "2" now, and it is an odd, homely figure; but the years go by only too quickly.

This (Friday) evening the class in Uncle Tom's Cabin have for their subjects: "Is Uncle Tom's Cabin true," "Minister's Wooing" and "Uncle Tom Sold."

The schools commenced on Tuesday and doubtless scholars and teachers come back refreshed by the short vacation and the many tokens of remembrance they received.

It has been fine skating, but some of the skaters are deploring the fact that Mr. Butterfield is commencing to cut ice on Munroe's pond, spoiling their fun in that direction.

Next summer the ice consumers can keep as cool as they wish and the ice man cannot say the weather was so warm the quality is poor and the price must be high.

Next Sunday evening there will be a vesper service with sermon on "The religion of the home," commencing at 6.45 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

The young ladies connected with the choir of St. Bridget's church had a very pleasant and successful "Leap Year" party, last Friday evening. They showed wisdom in improving the last opportunity.

We were not aware, until the Christmas time, that the large house occupied formerly by Mr. Tirrell, on Pleasant street, is now the home of a gentleman who manufactures candy. Proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Miss Blake, the principal of our Grammar school, has many friends here who will rejoice that her health is improving and who hope that before many weeks she will be able to return to Lexington and resume her labors.

Some one remarked jocosely, the other day, that Mr. Hardy, the baker, must be an advocate of the woman's cause, because he is so largely patronized in our village and thus our ladies have more time to devote to outside work.

A young gentleman, formerly of Woburn, who has relatives here, wrote recently from his home in Groveton, Vt., that he met there Rev. Wm. T. Stowe and wife. The former was at one time pastor of Follen church. He gave an eloquent lecture on temperance and the great work being done by the Keeley Institutes.

Rev. Mr. Cooke preached last Sabbath on "The precious hours of insight and inspiration which become beacon lights of the soul," and in the evening on "How the world looks on this New Year's Day." The rain materially diminished the evening audience.

We take it for granted that the dwellers in our village are taking account of stock, now the holidays are past, getting square with the world, beginning the world with all past arrears settled. For this reason nothing is astir here—no news to record.

A literary man remarked this week that it was one of the best signs of the times that the book sellers report a large sale of standard works of prose and poetry this holiday season. Whittier, Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson, though dead, are still living in numberless homes by their words of truth and purity.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington, druggists.

MASON & SMITH, TAILORS

AND
Importers of Novelties,
339 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.
110ct-ly Telephone connection.

THE TEMPLE BEGUN.

LESSON II, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 8.

Text of the Lesson, Ezra iii, 1-13—Memory Verses, 10, 11—Golden Text, Ezra iii, 11—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We need to bear in mind that the key to this book seems to be "The House of the Lord," mentioned fifty times. The second chapter gives the numbering of the nearly 50,000 who at this time returned to Jerusalem. Verses 61, 62 tell of some whose names could not be found on the register, and they had to be cast out, suggesting to us the necessity of having our names in the Book of Life (Luke x, 20; Rev. xx, 15). Verses 68, 69 tell of those who offered freely after their ability, and is suggestive of Math. x, 8; Acts xx, 35; 1 Cor. viii, 12.

"The people gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem." When in after years the church, which is the temple of God, began to be built at Pentecost, it is said, "They were all with one accord in one place" (Acts ii, 1).
"And builded the altar of the Lord of Israel." The patriarchs had no building called temple or tabernacle, but they had their altars and offerings, symbols of atonement, for without a sacrifice sinful man cannot draw near to God. See Lev. xvii, 11; Heb. ix, 22, as proofs of the necessity of the shedding blood. As to the altars, see Gen. vii, 20; xii, 7, 8; xiii, 4, 18. It is evident from this verse that these people had no doubt as to who wrote Pentateuch. It will be well for us to be like them.

"And they offered burnt offerings thereon unto the Lord." This stands first among all the offerings in the law, and is the oldest kind mentioned in the Word (Lev. i, 4; Gen. viii, 20; Job i, 5). Among the many offerings of Lev. i to vii this, the first, seems suggestive of the sacrifice of Christ as fully meeting all the requirements of God.

"They kept also the feast of tabernacles." The first verse says that it was in the seventh month that they set up the altar. By referring to Lev. xxiii, in which is found a full account of all the feasts of the Lord, it will be seen at verse 23 and onward that in this month there were three convocations, trumpets, atonement and tabernacles, beginning on the 1st, 10th and 15th days of the month.

"And of every one that willingly offered a freewill offering unto the Lord." The importance and the necessity of a willing offering is seen in connection with the building of the tabernacle and temple (Ex. xxv, 2; xxxv, 5, 21, 22, 29; 1 Chron. xxix, 6, 9, 17). When any one brought a burnt offering he was to offer it of his own volition (Lev. i, 3). It is written of Jesus that He said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work (John iv, 34). As to His life He said, "I lay it down of myself" (John x, 18). As to us it is written, "Whosoever will," "If any man will" (Rev. xxii, 17; John vii, 17).
"From the first day of the seventh month began they to offer burnt offerings unto the Lord." The outward and visible national history of Israel began when they were redeemed from Egypt by the mighty power of God and the blood of the passover lamb (Ex. xii, 1, 2).

"Masons, carpenters, them of Zidon and of Tyre, according to the grant of Cyrus, king of Persia." Many months seem to have passed by without any attempt to build the temple, but now they begin and Jews and Gentiles take part in providing the material.

"To set forward the work of the house of the Lord." It was for this they came to Jerusalem, and now it is the second month of the second year, at least seven months after their arrival. How slow we are in the Lord's work! It would take time to get cedar from Lebanon, but that was not needed for the foundation, and verse 6 says the foundation was not laid. Some of us are tried by slow people, but think of the patience of the Lord—over 1,800 years since He left the command to preach the Gospel to every creature, and hundreds of millions still in heathen darkness (II Thess. iii, 5, margin).

"To set forward the workmen in the house of God." The work will not go forward without the workmen. When God created the world He spoke and it was done, but in the redemption of Israel, and in the gathering out of the church, while the power is all His, He seems fit to manifest that power through human instruments. He asks, "Who will go for us?" and yet when we go "It is God who worketh" (Isa. vi, 8; Phil. ii, 13).

"To praise the Lord after the ordinance of David, king of Israel." This the priests and Levites were to do with trumpets and cymbals as the builders laid the foundation of the temple. When the foundations of the earth were laid the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy (Job xxxviii, 4, 7). When Jesus was born in Bethlehem the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest" (Luke ii, 13, 14). When the headstone of all the work is brought forth it shall be with shoutings, crying Grace, Grace unto it (Zech. iv, 7).

"And they sang together by course, and all the people shouted with a great shout." All in order, and yet most heartily. God is not the author of confusion, and He will have all things done decently and in order (1 Cor. xiv, 33, 40). Neither is He the author of half-hearted work or negligent work. See Jer. ii, 10, margin; Isa. xlii, 6. Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently. "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

"Many wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy." Those who were old men and had seen the glory of the former house wept as they thought of it and now beheld the desolation, while others shouted for joy at the thought of a temple of the Lord being builded. Does the interest you have in the welfare of the Lord's house make you either laugh or weep? Do you sigh and cry because of the abominations done in the land? Or is it nothing to you? (Ezek. i, 4; Sam. i, 12). Does the glory to be revealed cause you to rejoice even in tribulation because you are a partaker of that glory, and therefore perfectly willing to be a partaker of His sufferings (Rom. viii, 18; 1 Pet. iv, 13)?

"The people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of weeping." There shall be no such mixture in the new Jerusalem, nor in the Jerusalem on earth restored. Read Isa. li, 12-22; Rev. xxi, 1-4. The best days are yet to come, both for Israel and the church and the whole creation. The restoration from Babylon, and even the great redemption from Egypt, shall be as nothing compared with Israel's future restoration and glory. See Jer. xvi, 14, 15; xlii, 5-8. Then shall the ends of the earth see the salvation of the Lord and the whole earth be filled with His glory. Let the question be, What am I doing to set forward the work and the workmen?

The "Swan's-Down Flour"

Will in future be found in our stock. It having long been the leading brand of S. S. PIERCE & Co. Is surely a guarantee of quality. For sale at their regular price, \$6.00.

NEW
RAISINS, FIGS, DATES, CURRANTS, NAPLES WALNUTS, ETC.
ALL THE THANKSGIVING FIXINGS.
SPAULDING'S.

TURKEYS, CHICKENS, GEESE, AND SEASONABLE GAME, CRANBERRIES, GRAPES, NUTS, ETC.

F. P. WINN'S
Pleasant St. Market.

Canned Goods of every sort. Apples by the Barrel.
FINE BUTTER IN 5 AND 10 LB. BOXES.
BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON, Etc.

N. J. HARDY, BAKER

AND
CATERER.
Arlington and Lexington.
Horsecar Station ARLINGTON. Hunt's Bidg. LEXINGTON.

E. E. UPHAM,
Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Ham, Tripe, Etc., BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, CHEESE.
Game and Vegetables of all kinds in their Sason.

SAVE MONEY.

We shall offer for the next 60 days
our immense stock of
Furniture, Carpets and Holiday Goods
—AT—
25 PER CENT DISCOUNT.

We are over stocked and must make room for our spring samples. If you will examine our goods before buying, it will convince you of the above statement.
Credit given if desired. Open Saturday evenings.

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Standard Furniture Co.,
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS.
727 to 731 Washinston Street,
BOSTON.

ELECTRIC ELEVATOR. 2ded 4w
Wm. N. Winn, Pres. Warren A. Peirce, Treas. Frank Peabody, Clerk
Peirce & Winn Co.
DEALERS IN
COAL, WOOD, HAY, STRAW,
GRAIN, LIME, CEMENT, SAND, PLASTER, HAIR, FERTILIZER, DRAIN AND SEWER PIPE, ETC.
ASHES REMOVED; TEAMING OF ALL KINDS, AND MEN FURNISHED BY THE DAY OR HOUR.
P. O. Box B, Arlington, Mass. Telephone No. 8-2.
Terms Cash. COAL AT MARKET PRICES, AND MORE ENGAGED UNLESS PAID FOR.
Arlington office, 6 Mystic st. Arlington Heights office, 8 Lowell st. Lexington office, rear B. & L. passenger depot.
ORDERS BY MAIL OR TELEPHONE WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

Famous Rubies.
The largest ruby known is one mentioned by Chardin as having been engraved with the name of Sheikh Sephy. Another noble ruby is in possession of the shah of Persia. Its weight is put at 175 carats. A third, belonging to the king of Usapur, was cut into a hemispherical form and in 1858 was bought for \$18,000. A ruby possessed by Gustavus Adolphus and presented to the czarinas at the time of his journey to St. Petersburg was the size of a small hen's egg.—Jewelry Review.

Flunder Seized by the Police.
In this city the police in one year have seized over 12,000 chips, 116 packs of cards, four lots of Chinese coin, 226 dice, thirteen tantan brass cups, three faro layouts, 11,000 pool tickets, two sweat boards, eight poker tables, three roulette tables, three whist boards and one bacarat layout.—New York Sun.

"I always let a cough go as it comes"—one says; which means that he overworks the system in getting rid of a cold rather than assist it by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Boston & Maine Railroad. LOWELL SYSTEM.

On and after Nov'r 20, 1892, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE Boston FOR Reformatory Station, at 6.45, 7.45, 10.40, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 4.35, 5.55, 6.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.20, 7.15, 8.05, 9.40, a. m.; 12.30, 3.15, 4.10, 5.55, p. m. Sunday 8.45, a. m.; 4.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at 6.45, 7.45, 10.40, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 4.35, 5.55, 6.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.25, 7.50, 8.10, 9.46, a. m.; 12.30, 3.21, 4.17, 6.00, p. m.; Sunday, 8.55, a. m.; 4.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 6.45, 7.45, 10.40, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 4.35, 5.55, 6.30, 7.50, 10.20, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15 a. m. Return at 6.00, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.45, 6.34, 7.00, 7.25, 8.19, 9.57, a. m.; 12.45, 3.33, 3.40, 4.30, 6.10, 8.55, p. m.; Sunday, 8.17, 9.04, a. m. 12.35, 2.00, 4.46, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.25, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.25, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.20, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.05, 5.55, 6.43, 7.09, 7.41, 8.00, 8.28, 8.45, 9.35, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.00, 12.55, 2.25, 3.42, 3.52, 4.38, 5.15, 6.16, 6.45, 9.05, 10.10, p. m.; Sunday, 8.26, 9.46, a. m.; 12.45, 2.10, 3.00, 4.56, 8.15, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.25, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.25, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. Return at 6.15, 6.06, 6.22, 7.19, 7.47, 8.10, 8.34, 8.53, 9.39, 10.12, 11.15, a. m.; 12.49, 1.05, 2.33, 3.45, 4.11, 4.45, 5.55, 6.25, 6.54, 9.14, 10.19, p. m. Sunday, 8.36, 9.26, a. m.; 12.54, 2.20, 3.11, 5.06, 8.25, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.25, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.05, 5.25, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.05, 5.55, 6.43, 7.09, 7.41, 8.00, 8.28, 8.45, 9.35, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.00, 12.55, 2.25, 3.42, 3.52, 4.38, 5.15, 6.16, 6.45, 9.05, 10.10, p. m.; Sunday, 8.26, 9.46, a. m.; 12.45, 2.10, 3.00, 4.56, 8.15, p. m.

LEAVE Arlington for Lowell at 7.06, 10.25, a. m.; 4.04, 6.10, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington for Lowell at 7.20, 10.34, a. m.; 4.20, 6.24, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell for Lexington and Arlington at 6.50, 9.25, a. m.; 3.00, 5.40, p. m.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

West End Street Railway Co. TIME TABLE.

Arlington to Bowdoin Sq.
ROUTE NO. 707 (14m-1h, 45m)—Via Arlington ave., North ave., Harvard sq., Main, West Boston bridge, Cambridge, to Bowdoin sq. Return, via Green and Chambers, thence same route.
Time—First car 5.47, a. m., then every 20 minutes to 9.47, 10.17, p. m. First car leaves Bowdoin sq. at 6.40, a. m., then every 20 minutes to 10.40, 11.10, p. m.
Sunday—First car 8.17, 30 minutes to 9.47, 10.05, 10.17, 30 minutes to 11.47, a. m.; 15 minutes to 9.17, 9.47, 10.17, p. m., last car. Return 50 min. later.

Turnout, Pleasant St. Winter street, Railroad Crossing, Henderson street, Arlington House, Tannery st., No. Cam Franklin street, Railroad Crossing, Wyman street, North Ave. Stables, Tufts Street.

Stops will not be made at Wyman st., or Tannery st., unless there are passengers to enter or leave the cars.
C. S. SERGEANT, Gen. Manager.

R. P. PUFFER,
Formerly of Puffer Bros.
Country Produce,
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CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

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Builders' Hardware
all kinds, and can sell as LOW as BOSTON PRICES.

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Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges and
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MANTEL GLASSES,
and old gilding of every description can be regilded equal to new, at considerably less than Boston prices. Also
OIL PAINTINGS
cleaned and restored.

Parties waited upon and estimates given upon receipt of postal card.
Picture frames of every description made to order.

Samuel Holoway,
REVERE STREET, Lexington, Mass.

P. A. MCCARTHY,
Custom Tailor.

LATEST FALL STYLES NOW READY.

Ladies' Garments a Specialty.

NICE JACKETS \$15 AND UPWARDS.

Ladies' and Gent's Clothing Cleaned, Dyed, Repaired and pressed.

ALL WORK PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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DO ALL KINDS OF

CONCRETING

At Short Notice, and on Reasonable Terms.

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RESIDENCE, 211 Main St., WOBURN.
Common and Skinned Sand for Sale. 1m3m

Hornblower & Weeks,
Bankers & Brokers,

22 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON.

HENRY ROSEBLOWER,
JOHN W. WEEKS, members of N. Y. Stock Exchange.

“PEE-WEE.”

When the morning low was filled with song
That burst from every tree,
I heard a foolish little bird
That only sang “Pee-wee!”

And I spoke out clear, so the bird could hear,
“It really seems to me
If I couldn’t sing a different song
Than just ‘Pee-wee! Pee-wee!’”

“I’d hide away from the songsters away
In the thickest greenwood tree,
And I wouldn’t sing the foolish thing
To show my low degree.”

But the little bird, when he had heard
My wise speech, looked at me
With his bright eyes wide and his head
One side.

And said again, “Pee-wee!”

And I understood the lesson good
The little bird had for me.
God gives one song, and we should sing.
If it only be “Pee-wee!”

—Albert Annett in Youth’s Companion.

A CAPTAIN’S DREAM.

“But, sir,” said the orderly in respectful remonstrance, “you are annihilated.”

“Annihilated!” echoed the captain in indignation.

“Yes, sir; the empire sent word as you and all your company was swept away by the last discharge of the militia.”

“By the militia, too?” exclaimed the captain. “Well, I’m d—d. Here, give me my flask and sandwiches and take the horse.”

The captain sat watching the fight as it rolled over to the opposite hill and consuming his sandwiches. He was of course annoyed at being annihilated; but after all he was saved some marching in the sun, and the day was hot. He wondered where he should be likely to find his wife, who had expressed her intention of trying to see something of the maneuvers. By the time, however, that he had finished his lunch and lit his cigar he decided that he did not much want to find his wife, and he lay back and smoked in luxurious ease.

“Talk about meeting death with resignation!” mused he. “Why, it’s splendid. I’m sorry it was the militia, though. I suppose our charge was rather rash—a Balklava sort of—”

He nodded off, and his cigar fell from his lips. Hardly had this happened when he was roused by a sweet voice. Opening his eyes, he saw before him a lovely girl.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” she said, “but could you tell me where to find mamma?”

The captain looked at the lady. “I am dead,” he said; “dead men can’t find mammas.”

“You don’t look very dead,” she answered, smiling.

“An Englishman never knows when he is dead,” said the captain in hazy reminiscence; “but I have it on the authority of the empire, if that will do.”

“I left mamma just about here,” remarked the lady.

“Then she’s undoubtedly annihilated also. Nothing bigger than a mouse could have lived through that fire.”

“Mamma is much larger than a mouse,” said the lady, smiling.

“Won’t you sit down?” asked the captain.

The lady, smiling again, sat down. She wore a simple dress of white, and the blue ribbon round her waist was rivalled by the blue of her eyes.

“I mustn’t stay long,” she said.

“At a moment like this,” remarked the captain, “a man’s memory wanders free through the delightful labyrinths of youth and love.”

“Love! Are you married?”

“I was married,” answered the captain.

“And you were thinking of your wife?”

“While his fancy,” pursued the captain, “pictures joys yet in the future—perhaps the near future.”

The lady was picking a daisy to pieces. She raised her eyes for a moment and looked at the captain.

“But if you are dead”—she suggested.

“Now you,” the captain continued, raising himself on his elbow, “are too young even to have thought of a kiss!”

“I have certainly never thought much of a kiss,” said the lady.

“The thought does not fill you with delicious trepidation?”

“Oh, no.”

“I thought not,” said the captain in a gratified tone. “It does me, you know.”

“Ah!” said the lady.

“You can’t know what it’s like.”

“I’ve often kissed mamma.”

“It’s not quite the same thing; still, show me how you kiss mamma.”

“Well, supposing my hand was mamma, I should go like that.”

“I see. And what would mamma do?”

“Oh, I can’t show you that. My hand can’t kiss me, you know.”

“But supposing I were your hand?”

“That’s nonsense, isn’t it? I couldn’t suppose that.”

“Well, then, supposing I were mamma?”

“But you’re not a bit like mamma.”

“I have it. Suppose you were mamma, and I were you?”

“That would do capitally; but we need not trouble. I see mamma coming now.”

She pointed, and at the foot of the hill the captain also saw mamma.

“Has she good sight?” asked the captain.

“No, she is nearsighted. I’m afraid she’ll not see us.”

“Ah!” said the captain, and he kissed the lady. With a little cry and a little laugh she sprang up and ran down the hill.

The captain closed his eyes, but in a moment a well known voice made him open them again. His wife stood before him. She was looking very handsome, the captain thought. By her side stood young Jocelyn—Beauty Jocelyn, as they called him—the last joined cornet. The captain’s wife and Beauty Jocelyn stood just in front of the captain, some six feet from him.

“I don’t see why not,” said the captain’s wife to Beauty Jocelyn, and to

the captain’s horror Beauty Jocelyn kissed his wife.

“Another?” asked Beauty Jocelyn.

“I should like it,” said the captain’s wife.

“This is a hideous nightmare,” thought the captain.

“Just one more!” pleaded Beauty Jocelyn.

“Well, if you”—began the captain’s wife.

But the captain leaped to his feet. “The devil!” he cried.

“Oh, you are awake now, dear, are you?” said his wife. “How imprudent to sleep in the sun! I met Mr. Jocelyn and he kindly helped me to find you.”

“I was delighted,” murmured Beauty Jocelyn.

“Delighted, you scoundrel!” exclaimed the captain. “You dare to kiss my wife before my very eyes! And she—she permits it!” and the captain groaned.

“My dear captain, I kiss your wife!” expostulated Beauty Jocelyn with raised eyebrows.

“Charles! How dare you!” said the captain’s wife.

“You deny it? You have the audacity to deny it? Just now, this very moment, you kissed her twice.”

“You must have been dreaming, Charles.”

“At first I thought I was,” said the captain bitterly; “but I am awake now.”

“Ah, but you were dreaming!” insisted his wife, and her eyes wandered from his face and looked down the hill-side.

Near the foot of the hill, side by side with a stout woman in black, the captain saw a white muslin dress and a blue sash. The eyes of the captain’s wife rested an instant on the white and blue, then they traveled back and dwelt upon the captain’s face.

“You were certainly dreaming,” said the captain’s wife, and Beauty Jocelyn smiled.

A pause followed. The captain thought he heard a light laugh wafted by the breeze from the foot of the hill. He looked again at his wife. His wife smiled.

“I must have been dreaming,” said the captain.

Beauty Jocelyn laughed.

“But are you awake now?” asked his wife.

“Well, you woke me,” said the captain.

“I thought we should,” said his wife. “Shall we go home now, Charles?”

“Perhaps we had better.”

“You don’t want to sleep any more?”

“No, I think, on the whole, I have slept enough.”

“On the whole, perhaps you have.”

His wife took the captain’s arm and bowed to Beauty Jocelyn.

“Au revoir!” said Beauty Jocelyn, and when the captain saw him last he was tacking warily down the hill in the wake of the white and blue.

“I think Mr. Jocelyn likes dreams too,” said the captain’s wife.—True Flag.

Some Interesting Relics.

What appears to be the most interesting archaeological discovery since the settlement of western New York by the whites was made recently near the city line. Workmen who were engaged in laying out a new street turned up a quantity of human bones and copper instruments, which so excellent an authority as W. C. Bryant believes to be relics of the Kah Kwahs, the little known tribe of peaceful Indians who occupied this region before the days when the Senecas came to keep the western door of the Long House.

The early and complete extinction of this nation by the more warlike and better organized Iroquois left little more than a legend of them to inspire the poetical fancy of the lamented David Gray, and to furnish a name for a cottage on the lake shore. If further investigation shall tend to confirm Mr. Bryant’s apparently well founded conjectures, the relics discovered will add distinctly to our knowledge of the people whose fires burned here long before ours were kindled.

This was an ancient burying ground for a race of giants, judging from the size of the bones found in the loamy soil of the hill. They show the men to have been very large.—Buffalo Courier.

Lengthening of Tree Trunks.

In reply to the query whether branches which are now too low for convenience will get higher in time when the trunk of the tree lengthens, Meehan, in his Illustrated Monthly, says:

It is a general impression that the trunks of trees lengthen, but this is not the case. The trunk of a tree, being once formed, does not lengthen a fraction, no matter if it lives to 100 years. A branch from a trunk that is now, say, six feet from the ground will have the center of that branch still six feet from the ground, no matter how many years elapse. If branches are therefore now too low, they had better be cut off at once. Again, it is worth remembering in cutting off branches that they should always be cut close to the trunk or to any main branch, so that the wound may heal over. If the branch is very large, so that the wound is likely to take several years to heal over, it is better to paint it, in order to keep the water from rotting the wood until it is properly healed. More good trees are spoiled through leaving an inch or two of stump to a cut off branch than people have any idea of.

By a Poppy’s Smell.

In Turkey if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field and the wind blows from the field toward him he becomes narcotized and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.—New York Press.

Parts of Louisiana are adapted to the culture of oranges, and considerable planting has already taken place. Orange culture has also acquired a foothold in Arizona, especially in the Salt river valley and in the valley of the Gila, according to the California Fruit Grower.

A well known French physician asserts that the bilious fever so characteristic of tropical countries is due to a special bacterium, which, though motionless itself, is accompanied by numberless moving spores.

In the early days of this century French cooks became rich. Very was a millionaire; Achard had immense wealth; Mme. Sully, of the Palais Royal, made \$200,000 in three years.

Many a man is hurt more in a football fight than he cares to admit, and so he makes light of it and plays on for the sake of the college or team and from self sacrifice.

The cultivation of the pineapple in the Bahamas is a very profitable undertaking. At twopence each an acre of pineapples returns \$200 to \$250.

JOHN MORISON,
First Class Carriage Painting
in all its branches at reasonable prices. Satisfactory guarantee. Bring your carriage and wagon along and give me a trial.
Opp. Depot, LEXINGTON, Mass.
over Griffin’s Blacksmith Shop.

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GENTS OUTFITTER,
MEN’S FURNISHINGS of all kinds.
OUTING SHIRTS and NECKGEAR
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NEWS DEALER and STATIONER.
Imported and Domestic Cigars, choice Confectionery, summer Temperance Drinks, Daily Papers, Novels, Magazines and other Periodicals.
Boot and Shoe department has a full stock in various styles and grades. MAIN ST., LEXINGTON.

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Houses and Tenements to Rent by LEONARD A. SAVILLE Town Hall Building.

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DENTIST,
Richardson House, Main Street,
LEXINGTON, Mass.
OFFICE HOURS:
9 A. M., TO 5 P. M.
Either and Gas administered when necessary.
22 July 11

A. C. WASHBURN,
Carpenter and Builder,
Work done by the Day or Contract.
JOBGING OF ALL KINDS
Done at shortest notice.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Residence, Forest St., Lexington, Mass.
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W. H. DAVIS,
Retail dealer in
Pure, Fresh Milk.
Customers desiring one cow’s milk especially accommodated. Proprietor of milk route formerly conducted by A. F. Spaulding.
June 17

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.
The Through Freight and Passenger Route, and Short Route to all Points West.
CALIFORNIA BUSINESS A SPECIALTY.
H. G. LOCKE, N. E. Agent,
227 Washington street, Boston.

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PRACTICAL UPHOLSTERER,
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Upholstering, Mattress making, Furniture Repairing, Window fittings and trimmings, Laying Carpets, etc., in the best manner, at reasonable prices.
21 Aug 13

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—AND—
REPAIRER.**
JOHN THOLEN, MAIN STREET, LEXINGTON.
Resides the usual line of boots and shoes, we keep a full assortment of Overalls and Blouses, etc., etc.
1 Feb—11

**MISS. S. B. GOULD
FLORIST.**
ROSES, VIOLETS AND PINKS.
Garden Vegetables in Season.
10 June 11 ELM AVENUE, LEXINGTON.

H. A. PERHAM,
REGISTERED PHARMACIST,
MAIN ST., LEXINGTON CENTRE.
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
HUMPHREY’S HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES.
20 June—11

JOHN MCKAY,
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ESTIMATES ON BUILDING
CONTRACTS A SPECIALTY.
Also contractor for all classes of Carpentry and Cabinet work.
Jobbing and all kinds of altering over done to order.
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18 Oct 11

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
ESTABLISHED 1835.
For the Purchase, Sale, Renting and the Supervision of Real Estate in all its forms and details with more than 30 years practice.
WM. M. WASON,
47 Court St., Room 12, Boston, Mass.
Residence, Main street, Lexington.

BREVITIES.

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Four members of one family in New York named Cochran hold positions as majors in the volunteer militia of that state.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain gets thirty-five dollars per page of about 800 words when he chooses to write for the English magazines.

Harrison Mechem, a millionaire of Petaluma, Cal., has given \$50,000 as a fund from the income of which aid is to be given to the poor of the district.

The original picture of “Sheridan’s Ride,” painted by T. Buchanan Read, now hangs in the private office of Thomas L. James, president of the Lincoln bank, of New York city.

Father Tolton, the first American black man to be made a priest, objects to being called “colored.” “That word is an offensive affectation. I am a negro—a woolly headed negro,” says Father Tolton.

The late Mr. Thomas Nelson, the well known English publisher, left large legacies for philanthropic purposes, including \$250,000 for the erection and equipment of five workingmen’s clubs and reading rooms.

Rear Admiral Stephenson, the new commander of the British squadron in the Pacific, has been in her majesty’s navy for forty years and saw active service in the Crimea, in China and during the Indian mutiny.

M. Marinoni, who commenced life as a factory lad, is now chief owner of Le Petit Journal, circulating nearly 1,250,000 copies daily, and proprietor of several valuable patents, including the famous rotary printing machine that bears his name.

The father of the pugilist Corbett, a man of elegant tastes and speech, declares to a Chicago reporter that his son is a gentleman and not a brute, and after one more fight—with Charles Mitchell—to which the parents have given consent, will retire from the prize ring.

TURF TOPICS.

Miss Russell has about 800 descendants in the 2:30 list.

When Alix trotted in 2:10 she worked each half of the mile in 1:05.

Electioneer’s 2:30 list numbers 130, which includes one lone pacer.

Kremlin trotted the middle half of his record breaking mile in 1:02½.

The state of Indiana has added 120 trotters and pacers to the “list” during the past season.

Portland, Or., has organized a company to build a mile track with a capital stock of \$30,000.

Major DuBois, the new owner of Yodo Maid, 2:12, has placed \$100 in a wager that this mare will during 1893, if alive, pace a mile in 2:00.

William Russell Allen has abundant faith in Kremlin, 2:07½. He believes he can beat any stallion in a race, and, he thinks, any mare.

A pacer must be able to put in three heats in 2:09 or better, and a trotter in 2:12 or better, in order to win the money at the big meetings these days.

One of the worst features of the new bicycle sulky is said to be its tendency to run in under a horse that rears. Several bad accidents have been reported to have happened from this cause.

THE NEWEST NOVELTIES.

Toothbrush holders in Queen Anne style are new.

The glass molasses jugs with silver mounts are charmingly old fashioned.

Orange flowers in white enamel with jeweled centers are suitable for brides.

Some of the tiny clocks of perforated silver are beautiful ornaments, as well as useful gifts.

There is a fancy for watches with the dial plate on the cover and a round opening to show the hands.

Twisted bracelets having large turquoise or some jewel en cabochon for the clasp are among the desirable things.

A diminutive desk calendar is an attractive bit among small silverware, the sheets being celluloid and the frame silver.

One pretty letter opener, with an eraser in the end, is of ivory and repousse silver, but can be conveniently carried in a breast pocket.

A charming gift from an appreciative patient to a physician is a gold or silver case containing a small thermometer in either chased or plain effects.—Jewelers’ Circular.

WORLD’S FAIR NOTES.

One of the celebrated big trees of the Sequoia National park, for exhibition at the World’s fair, has safely arrived at the exposition grounds.

Probably the most interesting section of the Transportation building at Jackson park will be that devoted to primitive methods of transportation and the canoes and sleds of uncivilized tribes.

The women managers of New York’s board of World’s fair managers have appealed to all publishers for assistance in securing an exhibit of books written by women native or resident of the state.

Mrs. Reid, one of the lady managers of the World’s fair for Maryland, has established a system of classes in American history in the schools of her state and offers as a prize for the best scholar a free trip to the fair.

The wife of Pere Hyacinthe is an artist of considerable merit, and will contribute her medallions to the World’s fair. She advocates opening the fair on Sundays and recommends that the building of liberal arts be used as a sacred concert hall on Sundays.

HOW I LOVE HER.

Go, laughing, leaping, romping hill—
Go where my love is straying,
And in the pools, when you are still,
Then list to what she’s saying.
And with the sunny, summer skies
Of azure arched above her,
Show her her own angelic eyes
And tell her how I love her.

Go, gentle winds, soft, sighing winds—
Go where my love is sleeping,
And be about her window—winds
And through the curtains creeping.
Weave in the wimples of her hair
The perfume of the clover;
Caress her face, so sweet and fair,
And tell her how I love her.

—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

A WAIF.

The great yard of the King George inn at Cornchester was almost emptied of men, horses and vehicles when Jeremiah Mott, the Willowmere carrier, entered it. It was then 8 o’clock of a winter evening, and nearly everybody had gone home from market. The stables of the King George were almost empty. In its accustomed corner stood old Farmer Scrooby’s gray mare, but that was not unusual, seeing that Scrooby never went home until he had finished his “market day” lowance.

He was sitting in the bar parlor just then, leisurely soaking his capacious body with gin and water, and the ostler knew that the gray mare would have to stand in its stall for a good hour yet. But it was something very unusual to see Jerry Mott’s stout pony in the stables at that time, and the ostler was curious to know the reason of the carrier’s delay. As a usual thing, Jeremiah was off and away before 6.

“Yew be late tonight, Master Mott,” said the ostler as Jerry approached the stable door. “You’m away home afore this in general.”

“Ah!” Jeremiah heaved a long sigh. “Ah! You be right, William; yes, you be right. Outward at 12 and inward at 6—them is my rule, as a hewsual thing—yes, oh, dear, yes.”

“Well, yew be two hours late in going hinvards tonight, then, Master Mott, for ‘tis 8 now by parish church clock.”

“Ah, dear, yes!” said Jerry, helping the ostler to yoke the stout pony into the shafts of the carrier’s cart. “But I was two hours late in startin from Willowmere, ye see, Willum. Oh, ah—yes of course. Trouble, Willum, trouble it was that did it. ‘All flesh is grass,’ ain’t it, now, Willum?”

“Ah, yew be right, Master Mott. Yes, ‘man as is born of woman’—very powerful, effectin words them be. Somebody dead, Master Mott?”

“Yes,” said Jerry, heaving another prodigious sigh. “Oh, yes, Willum. My little granddower.”

“Nay. What, Bob’s little g’el? I be sorry to hear on’t, Master Mott. And the only one they had too! Dear, dear!”

“Ah!” sighed Jerry. “Ten month old this very day, and as fine a child as ever yew did see. The way it took nourishment! Oh, but ‘tis a world o’ trouble it is this, now—ain’t it, Willum?”

“Yew be right there,” said William. “There do be a deal o’ deaths. Old Simon Brown died last week—matter o’ ninety-fower he were. Ah, very sad is this world—so it is.”

“Aye,” said Jerry, climbing into his cart and swinging his lantern over its contents to see that they were all safe. “aye, Willum, we be all born to trouble, accordin to the Scripcher. Take it very bad, do some on us, too, when we be called to kiss the rod too.”

“Human natur, Master Mott, human natur. Yes, I reckon Bob and his pore wife’ll take it very hard. Dear, dear, a deal they did think o’ that child, sure-ly! The way it were dressed—like a quality infant. Ah, a sore trouble indeed.”

“Aye, Willum, and, ye see, all the more so ‘cause Bob and his wife has no more. Oh, a very desolate house indeed, I assewer you, Willum, when I come away. ‘Bob, my lad,’ I says, ‘yew bear up. ‘Listen to parson, Bob,’ I says. ‘Let him speak comfortable words.’”

“To be sure,” agreed the hostler. “‘Tis very reasonable is a bit o’ religion when a man’s in trouble.”

“Aye!” said Jerry, gathering up the reins. “Aye! Buried it today they did, Willum. Alongside my old woman it is—God rest ‘em both! Well, good night, Willum—a very sad world is this here.”

Jerry went rumbling out of the yard and through the archway into the glaring lights of the market place. Usually he had stopped his pony at the sweet-stuff shop and purchased a “marketing” for Bob’s baby; tonight he drove sadly past, for the baby was dead and beyond the reach of lollipops. He could see the little green grave in Willowmere churchyard in his mind’s eye as he drove slowly out of Cornchester and turned into the dark country lane that led homeward. Such a tiny mound it was—how strange that it covered so much of human love and sorrow!

It is six miles from Cornchester to Willowmere, and between the market town and the sleepy village lie two other places—one a rather large colliery village called Pitmouth, the other a tiny hamlet called Little Ashby. It was old Jerry’s duty to call at both these places. There were parcels to deliver and commissions to give an account of. Presently therefore he pulled up at the Blue Pig in Pitmouth, and after collecting half a dozen miscellaneous parcels from his cart disappeared into the inn. His pony remained quietly outside. It was accustomed to stay in the same spot every Saturday evening for at least half an hour.

Everything was very quiet inside the inn. The village lay a hundred yards farther along the road, and the Blue Pig was therefore comparatively lonely. Thus it happened that no one was about when a woman, carrying a square basket hamper, came cautiously from the direction of the village and approached Jeremiah Mott’s cart. She looked around to see that no one watched her, and then laid the basket very gently among the straw in the body of the vehicle. For a moment she lingered, then she drew the

shawl closely about her face and hurried away.

At the end of half an hour Jerry emerged from the inn, climbed to his seat, bade the pony proceed and rolled away again. He left the colliery village behind him and was soon in the open country. Left to himself once more the little green grave in Willowmere churchyard began to haunt him again. He sighed as he pictured the lonely cottage at home. Bob and his wife would be there waiting his return, and no doubt still sorely troubled by their bereavement.

“Eh,” sighed Jerry to himself, “what a deal o’ difference a little un dew make, sure-ly! I’d gi’ a hundred good guineas to have it back.”

The road grew rather rough. They had been laying down a course of dress upon it, and the pony staggered a bit as he picked his way in the darkness over the sharp points. The cart had no springs, and it began to jolt and shake somewhat. Presently it got over the stones and onto smooth surfaces again. Then Jerry was suddenly aware of a child’s faint cry somewhere close at hand. He started and pricked his ears like a watchdog.

“Seems to me like a child a-cryin,” said he. “Yes; ‘tis a child, sure-ly. Whoa, Robin, lad! Let’s see what this may be. Whoa, then!”

The pony stopped, and Jeremiah got down, and having lighted his lantern went over toward the hedge-side. The cry had stopped then. He looked about him curiously, but saw nothing. “Must be on t’other side,” said he, and went stumping across the lane. Then the faint cry came again, and the carrier straightened himself up in amazement.

“Blessed if ‘tain’t in my cart!” said he. “Well—well—this do be very pickier strange. A child cryin in my cart.”

He held the lantern over the cart tail and looked at the miscellaneous collection of baskets, bags and parcels arranged there. And then his face grew troubled, for he saw a hamper and did not recognize it.

“Dear, dear!” said Jeremiah. “Here be strange work, I misdoubt. I didn’t never put that i’ my cart.”

The hamper lid was loose, and Jerry turned it back and gazed with astonished eyes on the sight which presented itself. For there, warmly wrapped in various ancient garments, lay a baby girl, fair haired and blue eyed, who stared at Jerry’s wrinkled and weather-beaten face, and smiled contentedly.

“Dear-a-me!” said the carrier. “Dear-a-me!”

He stood staring at the baby until it began to whimper again. There was a feeding bottle in the basket with it, and Jerry hastened to thrust the tube into the little rosy mouth, at the same time giving voice to certain soothing chuckles which he had used when hushing his little dead granddaughter to sleep. Then he covered the baby up again and went forward to Little Ashby and pulled up at the door of the “Brown Cow.” He staid inside little more than two minutes, and when he came forth again the stout, comfortable looking landlady followed him to the cart.

“Look ‘ee there, missis,” said Jerry, holding his lantern over the sleeping baby’s face. “Look ‘ee there!”

The landlady nodded and sighed.

“Ah, poor dear!” said she. “‘Tis just a dispensation o’ Providence, Master Mott—it is indeed. Let it home to Bob’s pore wife—maybe it’ll comfort her for the loss of the other!”

So Jeremiah set forward over the last mile of road to Willowmere. The baby slept quietly all the way, for the road was smooth, and the motion of the cart was soothing.

Poor Bob, his eyes red with weeping for the dead baby, was at the gate to welcome his father. Jeremiah got down from his perch very softly and approached him.

“Now, my lad,” said Jerry, “how do ‘ee feel now like, and how’s poor Mary?”

“Bad—very bad, feyther, is Mary,” said Bob. “Her sits by the hearthstone and don’t say a word to nobody. Mistress White—she says ‘at if on’y Mary ‘ud cry a bit ‘t would do her good, but her don’t cry—not a tear.”

“Bob,” said the old man, “look thee here!”

He held the lantern over the sleeping baby. Bob, opening his eyes and mouth, stared and gazed in amazement. The old man set down the light, and lifting the child from its nest turned with it toward the house. Mary sat by the hearth as he entered, her eyes dry and burning, her face full of despair.

“Mary,” said old Jeremiah very softly. “Mary—look thee here, my dear.”

He laid the sleeping baby on her knee. It suddenly woke and shed the full light of its blue eyes upon her. For a second she gazed at it wonderingly; then she clasped it in her arms, and the hot tears began to rain down upon its round little face. Old Jeremiah watched the little group wonderingly; then he turned, sighed and went back to his cart.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Inventions of Women.

Women inventors by no means confine themselves to those departments where they might be supposed to possess special experience. Patents have been granted to women for a plan for deadening the noise on railways, for preventing sparks from locomotives, for sweeping the streets, for a new form of life raft, for textile manufacture, electrical appliances, and in London a woman has patented a machine for making watch screws that is provided with a thread so delicate as to be almost invisible, and so perfect as to cut threads on a human hair.—New York Sun.

A Way Out of It.

The other day a journal, hitherto without a spot on its character, inquired with well feigned innocence, “How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man will receive one, and still one remain in the dish?” After several minutes’ people went two-thirds distracted by the means of this proposition, the journal finally says, “One takes the dish with the eggs.”

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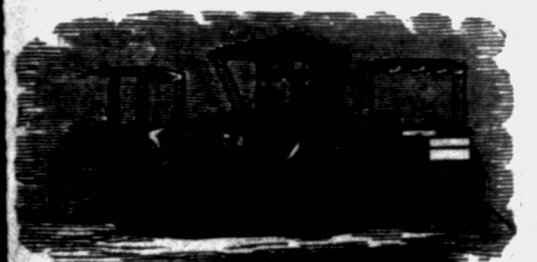
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A SMART YOUTH.

She Said She Would Be a Sister, and He Took Her at Her Word.

It was Thanksgiving night, and after attending the theater he took the girl whom he was later going to ask to be his wife to a little supper. Arrived at the home of his inamorata, he accepted her invitation to step in a few moments. That was the time he had been long looking forward to, and he had not the least idea but that her reply to the most momentous question of his life would be in the affirmative. He was somewhat dazed when the young lady, for whom he had spent a greater portion of his salary for several months past, told him that while she did not love him enough to become his wife, still she did think considerable of him, and would be to him as a sister.

With a crestfallen air he bade her good night and went to his room to think over the refusal. In taking off his shoes preparatory to going to bed, he noticed a large hole in the toe of one of his stockings, and his mind wandered to his home in Maine, to the many winter evenings he had sat in the kitchen beside the fire, reading and building air castles, while his sister was busily engaged in repairing his clothing, and then it occurred to him that now she was far away and could not mend any more of his socks; like a flash came back to him the answer of the young woman more than an hour previous, and selecting from his dresser some shirts without buttons, several pairs of shoes that were more or less "holy," he made up a bundle, and the following evening presented himself at the home of the young lady who had promised to be a sister to him.

This bundle he took with him into the parlor, and after a few minutes' conversation, during which for the most part the eyes of his new found "sister" were riveted upon the bundle, he started to take his departure, and, passing over the bundle to her, said, "You promised last evening to be a sister to me, you know, and as my sister used to do all my mending before she was married, and I came to Boston to seek my fortune, I will now give you an opportunity to prove your words."

Three days have elapsed, and as yet he has not received his bundle of mended clothing, nor has he received a letter from the young lady. To a friend last evening he told the story, and casually remarked that if the bundle did not come home before next Saturday night he had made up his mind to again call, for if the mending had been done it would save him buying some more stockings at least, and if not—well, he would have to spend a quarter.—Boston Herald.

When He Wasn't His Father.

It is whispered among a certain gay young set that one of its members, a college graduate, but a regular "mam-ma's boy" for all that, is feeling a trifle sore over an episode that marked his first day in business. His father, the president of a prominent insurance company, had made a place in his office for his son, and the young fellow was eager to take it. It so happened that his first dip into the great sea of worldly ambition occurred on the same day as a meeting of the directors of the well known corporation.

Being sent on an errand to the president the young hopeful burst into the room where the magnates of the business world were assembled, and in the familiar parlance of the home began, "Papa—"

The august president, with a look of absolute horror, turned to the agitated messenger, and to the intense amusement of the others present and to the everlasting chagrin of the dudelet, roared out, "I'm not your father—at least in business hours."—Philadelphia Times.

Making Sure of It.

It was at the close of the wedding supper, when the guests had all gone, that the father-in-law observed to his daughter's new husband:

"Oh, by the way, Cubbage, of course you know that my check for \$10,000, displayed among the presents, was merely to sustain the credit of the family. You can give it back to me now."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the young man. "It will get back to you in due course through the bank. You see I thought the credit of the family would be best maintained by depositing it to my credit, so I slipped out and did so just before the bank closed."—Browning's Monthly.

The Difference.

Lady—I see you advertise homemade bread?

Baker—Yes, ma'am.

Lady—Does it taste like homemade?

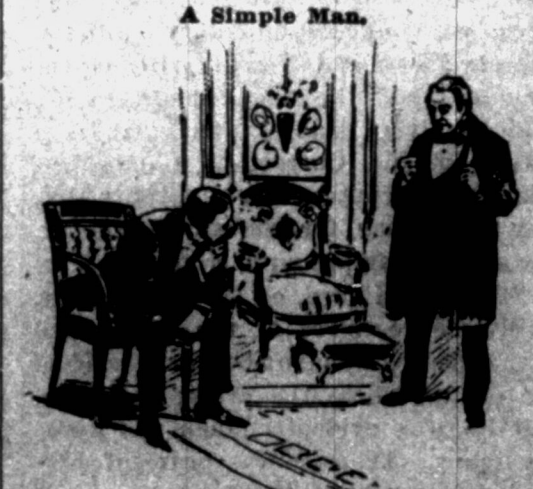
Baker—No, indeed, ma'am. It's sweet and light.—New York Weekly.

The Modest Girl.

Van Gilding—Could you marry a man who is your inferior?

Prunella—I suppose I shall have to.—Life.

A Simple Man.



"So you want to marry Emma—but she is my only daughter."

"Oh, that's all right, sir. I only want one."—Life.

A Big Sell.

Wife—I want some money to go shopping. Chepe & Co. are selling very cheap today, and I must take advantage of their bargains.

Husband—Selling out, are they?

"Yes, and awful cheap too. I saw some tables there the other day for nine dollars, and what do you think they are selling for now? Awful big reduction."

"I can't guess."

"Eight dollars and ninety-nine cents."

—Texas Siftings.

Wanted—A Young Man to Travel.



—Yale Record.

Springing a Trap.

Peddler (opening his pack)—I have here, madam, my improved rat-trap, which—

Woman of the House—We are never troubled with rats.

"Which can also be used for cracking nuts."

"We never use nuts of any kind."

"Or as a coffee roaster. Adjusted in this manner it"

"We always buy our coffee roasted."

"Just so. Reversing the wires that form the upper portion and bringing down the side flaps thus we have a device for holding eggs when cooking"

"We never eat eggs."

"And by folding these wire loops, as you see me doing now, it makes a handy arrangement for holding a small mirror"

"Haven't the slightest use for such a thing."

"While by adjusting another small mirror in this position and another at this angle, as you will notice, and placing it in a kitchen window, for example, it has the curious effect of enabling the observer, seated at one side of the window and entirely out of sight, to see distinctly through any window that may be opposite and to note what is going on inside, and all I ask for this most useful and comprehensive invention is seventy-five cents, which is only about one-half"

"I'll take it."—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Wept.

One stormy night eighteen years ago, so runs the story, a Maine girl living in the town of Biddeford expressed her determination to attend a "pound" party at a neighbor's house. But her parents said her nay. She, however, persisted in her determination, and finally her father said, "You are no longer child of mine if you go." She went. She never returned home. Years rolled by, and naught was heard from her. A few weeks ago a hack drove up to the house where she had spent her youth, and the broken hearted father—for he had long ago repented of his harshness—saw with joy his missing child.

"Father," she said in sobbing accents, "father, I've been gone a long time, but I've come home to stay with you and be a faithful daughter hereafter." The old man said nothing, but the glad light which beamed from his eyes and the warmth of the embrace he gave her told her she was forgiven. And then she turned toward the hack and said, "Come." And, lo, six children got out and came! "These are all mine, too, father," she said, "and how happy we will all be together!" And the old man sat down on the steps and sobbed like a child.—Springfield Republican.

A Scotch Joke.

A farmer's wife, not a hundred miles from Dingwell, has a great deal of trouble with her servants. The other day one of them came to her to say:

"Madam, I fear I shall not be able to work much longer. I think I am going blind."

"Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work."

"Yes, but I can no longer see any meat on my plate at dinner."

The farmer's wife understood, and the next day the servants were served with very large and very thin pieces of meat.

"How nice!" the girl exclaimed; "my sight has come back. I can see better than ever."

"How is that, Bella?"

"Why, at this moment," replied Bella, "I can see the plate through the meat."

—Dundee News.

A Cheap Reputation.

In a company of novel writers the conversation turned upon Z—, a brother novelist.

"A very decent fellow," said one of the party. "I never heard him say a bad word about any one."

"Parbleu!" replied S—; "he never talks about anybody but himself."—France.

The Best Policy.

Clara Pinkerly—Mr. Bigroille is coming tonight, mother, and I thought I would get some mistletoe to put over the door. Would you put it in a place where he can see it plainly when he goes out?

Clara's Mother—No, daughter. Put it in a place where he can see it plainly when he comes in.—Brooklyn Life.

Couldn't Stand It.

An unfortunate man gained access to a rich nobleman. He depicted his misfortunes and his misery in so moving a manner that the noble lord, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, called to the servant, "John, put this poor fellow out into the street; he is breaking my heart."—Argonaut.

In the Line of Business.

"Well, Tom, do you ever write to your fiancée?"

"Yes, but three times a week. I only see her on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday."—Texas Siftings.

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HOUSE LETTER BOXES.

An Innovation That Promises to Be of Great Convenience to All.

The postoffice department anticipates that its business and profits will be greatly augmented by the adoption of house letter boxes. In the St. Louis route where they were tried for ten days 900 pieces of mail matter were collected during that period, against 223 pieces mailed in regular post boxes of the same district in the ten days previous. This fourfold increase could only have been due in part to interest in the novelty.

Assuredly wherever people have all the facilities of a postoffice in their homes, including those of a stamp window and a mail box, they will write many more letters. Another point in favor of the house box system is that it will practically do away with the robbing of letter boxes. It will not be worth a thief's while to attack a private box, and if he did so he would probably be caught. The business of smashing post boxes and fishing in them with something sticky on the end of a string will not be profitably applicable in the private contrivances.

Patterns of the latter will be made with two horizontal slots in the door plate, above and below the mail slot. By this device a person's name and number can be put on his plate in a few moments, each metal letter having a double flange on the back of it like a patent paper fastener, which is thrust through the slot and spread behind the plate, so as to secure the letter. The owner's name is quickly spelled out with letters attached equidistantly along the slot. With numbers it is the same way. It has been suggested that luminous targets shall be used to catch the postman's eye after dark.

Many builders are already introducing provisions for letter boxes into their specifications for dwellings and business houses to be erected. It is anticipated that before long they will be a feature of the construction of houses generally. If desired they can be built into the wall. Some day the postoffice department may furnish boxes free, but at present it has no fund for that purpose.

It may be asked, Where in rural districts does the house letter box come in? Why, on the fencepost by the public thoroughfare, where it is easily accessible to the family and to the mounted letter carrier—the latter a bright lad whose mother is striving to raise chickens and half a dozen fatherless children on a truck farm. The boy gets ten dollars, perhaps fourteen dollars, a week for himself and horse, riding fifteen miles a day over country roads, stopping at farmhouses, stores and blacksmith shops along the way, and putting into each little box, fastened securely to porch or wall, letters, newspapers and mailed merchandise.

Probably the target is up. His key opens the collection compartment, and he takes out missives of love and business. These go into his saddlebags, and the envelope containing one dollar and a request for forty-eight two cent stamps, two being canceled for the convenience afforded, is thrust into his breast pocket as he rides away to the next place.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Electric Light and Growing Plants.

M. G. Bonnier has contributed to the Paris Academy of Sciences a memoir on the influence of electric light on the structure of herbaceous plants, being a complement to his note on the effects of electric light on trees. The plants were placed near arc lights (1½ to 4 meters distant) for seven months, the excess of ultra violet radiation being cut off by glass shades. In such conditions the majority of plants exhibited intense activity of assimilation, and some showed exuberant vegetation, but a large proportion suffered more or less and some died off.

A few adapted themselves to the conditions, but as a general result it was found that the continuous electric light produces great development in plants protected by glass, and renders them intensely green. The direct light, however, is prejudicial to the normal development of the tissues, owing to the action of the ultra violet rays, even when the plants are about ten feet from the arc lights.—English Mechanic.

She Loves America.

Mlle. Leonilda Staccione, premier danseuse, who used to delight New Yorkers at Terrace garden, writes me from Genoa, where she is premier ballerina assoluta in the great ballet "Nelly."

She sighs for America.

"My poor country is not in it," she says, "I want to see the illumination and to see the foreign ships. And, oh, dear, the beautiful stars and stripes on the Newark! How the sight of them thrilled my heart! I love America. I didn't know how much I loved America! Of course I am honored by leading the splendid ballet in the finest theater in Europe and in my own home, but I think of America always. I dream of Broadway. The king and queen were present at a performance and applauded me, but I would rather dance in your country, where all are kings and queens. I am coming back to America next season, and I want to stay there and live once more."—New York Herald.

An Interesting Phenomenon.

A phenomenon is causing much excitement in scientific circles at Martinsburg, O. In the rear of a residence in the village there is a continual shower of mist over a space of a dozen feet square. The mist is said to fall whether the weather is rainy or clear, but is most pronounced between the hours of 1 and 3 p. m., when a mirror held up instantly becomes covered with a moisture. Professors of the Ohio university are investigating, but as yet can give no explanation of the phenomenon.—Exchange.

Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 8
Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.

TOPIC.—The duty of every day. Are we doing it? Ez. iii, 4; Eph. vi, 5-8.

The rough, unheaven block of marble is not transformed into a thing of beauty by a rough stroke from the sculptor. Repeatedly the blows must fall, making changes here a little and there a little, until at last by numberless seemingly insignificant acts a mighty work is performed. Thus character is built. No character is developed by one act or in a single day. Day by day we must perform the duties that come to us if at last we would possess a character of beauty and desirability. Hence the importance of paying particular attention to the performance of the duty of every day.

1. They offered the daily burnt offerings by number, according to the custom, as the duty of every day required (Ezra iii, 4). By permission of Cyrus, king of Persia, the children of Israel have returned from their captivity in Babylon to rebuild the temple and walls of Jerusalem. In the seventh month the people all gather together at Jerusalem to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles. This feast lasted for seven days. The burnt offerings in it were more numerous than in any other feast. Each day had its peculiar sacrifices. These the people of Israel observed, "as the duty of every day required," or, more literally, "the duty of the day in its day." Each day had its peculiar duty, and it was performed on that day. As each feast day had its peculiar sacrifices, so today each day has its particular duties, and the example of the Israelites in performing regularly and systematically these daily duties is one that may well be followed by all who are serving God.

2. "Not with eye service, as men please, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart" (Eph. vi, 6). In giving instructions to servants as to how they should obey their masters and serve them, Paul lays down principles which may apply to daily Christian service. It was not to be eye service. "Eye service" is labor when the master is present, and idleness and neglect so soon as he is gone. Such work has always been characteristic of slavery. The slave can have no higher aim than to please the one standing over him with the lash, who has the power to punish. Paul urges the servants to a higher service, not as simply working for men, but remembering that they belonged not to men, but to Christ, and to please him they were to do their work faithfully and well, whether or no the overseer was standing over them, whip in hand. Among our daily duties will be many that apply particularly to our fellows—duties in the house, social obligations, business responsibilities and the like. The Christian should perform these duties regularly and faithfully, not simply as doing them to man, but as Christ's servants. The eyes of men may not always be upon us to see that we do our duty as we ought, but God sees us always. Christian Endeavorers, let us perform all the peculiar duties of each and every day, whether to God or to man, in such a way that when the all seeing eye of God looks down upon us his verdict upon our lives may be, "Thou art doing the duty of every day."

Bible References.—Num. iv, 16; Ps. lxi, 9; Lxxii, 17; Prov. xiii, 32-34; Dan. vi, 10; Mark xiii, 28-37; Luke ix, 23; xi, 3; I Cor. xv, 31; Eph. v, 14-20; Rom. viii, 35-39; Phil. iv, 4-8; Col. iii, 16, 17; Rev. xvi, 15.

Where the Mansion Was Built.

There is an Indian legend of a king who resolved to build the most beautiful palace ever erected on this earth. To this end he employed Jakoub, the builder, giving him a great sum of money and sending him away among the Himalayas, there to erect the wonderful palace. When Jakoub came to the place he found the people there suffering from a sore famine and many of them dying. He took the king's money and all of his own and provided food for the starving multitude, thereby saving many lives. By and by the king came to see his palace, but found nothing done toward it. He sent for Jakoub and learned why he had not obeyed his command. He was very angry and cast him into prison, saying that on the morrow he must die. That night the king had a dream. He was taken to heaven and saw there a wonderful palace, more wonderful than any he had ever beheld on earth. He asked what palace it was, and was told that it was built for him by Jakoub, the builder. In spending the king's money for the relief of suffering men on the earth he had reared this palace inside of heaven's gates. The king awoke, and sending for the builder told him his dream and pardoned him.—A Cluster of Pearls.

Christian Endeavor Notes.

The latest statistics of Christian Endeavor growth in Australia: Victoria, 300 societies, 8,000 members; South Australia, 58 societies, 1,650 members; New South Wales, 51 societies, 1,650 members; Queensland, 10 societies; New Zealand, 10; Tasmania, 10.

"The Christian Endeavor meetings," says The Australian Southern Cross, "for scale, enthusiasm and spiritual influence have been a very great success. Dr. Clark, by his modesty, tact and wisdom in counsel and general power in speech, has won golden opinions from all who have listened to him."

Eight new Endeavor societies have been organized in Louisville during the past year. Nine of the societies now existing in the city are Presbyterian, five Methodist, two Christian and two Lutheran.

The membership of the C. E. societies in the Presbyterian church is 250,000. Two cents per week on the part of each member would give \$350,000 yearly, a sum far exceeding that which the entire Presbyterian church spends yearly on the 300,000,000 of China.

There are now 697 Senior and 92 Junior Christian Endeavor societies in the state of New Jersey, a gain of 170 societies in twelve months.

Arlington Locals.

Continued from 1st page.

—The annual New Year party was tendered to the children and young people of the First Parish Unitarian church on Friday evening, Dec. 30th, 1892, but not only did it, on this occasion, include the children but took in the members and friends of the parish, making a large number attendant on the happy occasion. The earlier part of the evening, before supper, was utilized by the children in playing games and having a good time generally till a little after six o'clock when Mr. H. H. Ceiley, superintendent of the school, invited the older portion of the company to the parlor where they could be seated and here there was spread an appetizing supper set forth on tables in the centre of the room which was served buffet fashion, the gentlemen attending to the wants of the ladies. In the main vestry the children were seated about the room and the waiters were very attentive to their wants, seeing that each child had everything desired and none neglected. The supper was an excellent one of cold turkey, hot esceloped oysters, sandwiches, celery, etc., finishing off with assorted cakes, ice cream and coffee. On each plate with the napkin was a card inclosed in an envelope which read: "Wishing you a Happy New Year." After supper much hilarity was introduced by the distribution of bags of peanuts, and for a brief season the children "romped" and the older people exchanged New Year greetings till all were called to order (and seated) by Supt. Ceiley who proceeded to read the list of "honorable mention," consisting of the children of the school who should receive prizes for their constancy at the sessions of the school, Mr. Ceiley explaining that the list was shorter than usual owing to the prevalence of sickness the beginning of the year '92. Those absent but one Sunday were given cards and those present at every session presented with suitable books. The list is given below:—

Absent once.—Dwight Prescott, Russell Tufts, Lindsey Foster, Wellington Hardy, Carrie Bacon, Fred Wilder.

Not absent.—Lucy Prescott, Mina Shirley, Helen Tufts, Max Brooks, Charlie Prescott, Theresa Hardy, Alice Marston, Arthur Marston, Leslie Norton, Theresa Norton, Arthur Prescott, Vida Damon, Evie Jordan.

The entertainment of the evening was both novel and appropriate and charmingly carried out. It was arranged under the management of Miss Nellie Hodgdon and the Misses Robbins, and consisted of the reading of Kate Wiggin's popular child story entitled "The Bird's Christmas Carol." Miss Annie Pyne read the story in a gratifying manner so that it could be fully appreciated, and it was illustrated by tableaux vivants, at salient points in the story, placed on an attractively set stage on the platform. These pictures were cleverly presented and excellently carried out the character of the story. The tableaux were as follows:—

1. The infant Carol in a dainty nursery, watched over by the mother (Mrs. J. Q. A. Brackett).
2. Carol (Mabel Perry) hanging up her Christmas stocking.
3. Little invalid Carol (Helen Cook) in her pretty room.
4. The Bird family grouped about the reading table (Hon. and Mrs. Brackett, Will and Lindsey Foster, Chester Peck, and Helen Cook).
5. The little Ruggles being scrubbed and polished off for the dinner party. Mrs. Ruggles (Miss Cordelia Macdonald); little Ruggles (Bessie Colman, Theresa Hardy, Horace Hardy, Chester Hall, Roger Homer, Nina Winn, Alice Teel, Jerre Colman, Marjie Turner).
6. The famous training in manners of the little Ruggles by their mother.
7. The dinner party composed of the little Ruggles, uncle Jack (Mr. Will Rice), Mrs. Bird and Carol, seated at a sumptuously spread dinner table.
8. Surprised choir boys singing "My ain Country" (Masters Mills, Tufts, Eastman, Prescott, Brooks, Hardy and Brackett, the latter singing the solo).

These boys sang a carol at different points in the reading of the story, concealed behind the stage and sang in a manner to give much pleasure to their hearers. In the training of the "Little

OLD FATHER PETERS.

The war had come to Bradley's Crossing. The little Salem meeting house in which Father Peters exhorted and prayed, and Dick Bradley, the blacksmith, and his neighbors worshipped, was a smoldering ruin. These are some of the questions that went around the neighborhood:



"Why did God let the house burn?" "Why did he permit his people, and particularly so good a man as Father Peters, to be persecuted?" "Why did he not smite the hip and thigh the profane wretches who had done this thing?"

We shall publish Major Calhoun's story of "Old Father Peters" in early issues.

Ruggles' Miss Macdonald was capital in her recitation of this chapter of the story which is often given by professional readers. The party broke up soon after nine o'clock, but the pleasant impressions of the evening will not soon be forgotten.

—The lady friends of the Arlington Boat Club are invited to participate in "ladies' night" which takes place at the club house Tuesday evening, Jan. 10th. The management have changed the evening on which these social parties have formally occurred in the hope that it may meet with the popular favor and be more convenient for those who would like to be present. Since the house has been enlarged there is room for all to participate in the dancing, so a large party is anticipated for next Tuesday evening.

—As many of our readers know, Arlington has an Art Club which meets on alternate Tuesday evenings at the home of the Misses Robbins. Last winter the time was most profitably spent in the study of architecture. This winter the time is being devoted to the study of painting, to the great enjoyment of all. The various members open the meeting with a short talk upon a topic which has been assigned, after which there is a general discussion. The Art Club has proved an unqualified success and has resulted in great good to all its members. It is now proposed to form a club for the study of history upon a similar plan, the subject decided upon for the coming winter being in harmony with the Columbian year, namely: "The History of the Discovery of America." A sufficient number have already expressed a desire to join so interesting and profitable a club, to make its success assured. But there is room for all who wish to be informed upon this important subject. The first meeting will be held on Thursday evening next, at 7.30 o'clock, in the ladies' parlor Universalist church, to which all are most cordially invited. Mr. I. F. Hall, Superintendent of Schools, Rev. I. C. Tomlinson and others will take part. Everyone will be welcome.

LEXINGTON

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

—Notice change in Spaulding, the grocer, advertisement.

—Rev. C. A. Staples preached a sermon appropriate to the New Year, on Sunday last, in the First Parish church.

—Dr. Clock, the dentist, is already meeting with marked success in his new method of filling teeth without pain to the patient.

—Mr. George L. Gilmore gave an enjoyable bowling party at his alley at his father's residence, Monument court, Thursday evening.

—The club studying English literature are still analyzing the works of Scott. They met as usual with Mrs. A. E. Woodsum on Tuesday afternoon.

—Don't forget the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union next Friday afternoon, Jan. 20th.

—Monday evening, Jan. 9, will occur the annual meeting of the Hancock Congregational Society.

—Lexington's three Finance Clubs will hold a grand dinner party in the dining room of the Russell House, on Saturday evening, Jan. 14th.

—Mr. L. B. Mitchell, who has been engaged as overseer at the Keeley Institute, closed his connection with the same at the opening of the new year.

—The Monday Club met with Miss Florence Whitcomb, on Monday afternoon. The ladies are studying the sculpture, architecture and art of Assyria and Chaldea.

—The Junior Y. P. S. C. E. held their meeting this afternoon in Hancock church, their topic being "What gifts can we give to God this year."

—Mr. Jas. Comley the superintendent of the handsome estate of Oakmount has returned from his trip to Japan, bringing with him a large and rare collection of plants for the extensive hot houses which are a feature of this estate.

—Monday afternoon the Tourist Club held a pleasant and profitable meeting with Mrs. Willard, being taken to her home at the northeastern part of the town by conveyance. The ladies are studying the work of Jean Ingelow.

—Monday evening Rev. C. A. Staples, the historian of the Lexington Historical Society, read a paper before the Historical Society of Medford, Mass. He took for his subject the old Hancock-Clarke house of this town.

—A horse belonging to Mrs. Charles Morey, residing on Concord hill, was frightened near the centre on Tuesday morning and ran away down Main st. A little this side of the old Munroe tavern, the animal clearing himself of the buggy to which he was attached, badly demolishing the same. The animal was captured later.

—The week of prayer has been observed by the Baptist church, this week, with special services held every evening thus far. The services have been held in Hunt Hall and have been well attended. Thursday afternoon the ladies of the society held their prayer meeting

with Mrs. Dr. Reynard. To-morrow being Saturday evening the services of the week concluded with the one to-night (Friday) and they have had the directing hand of the pastor.

—Latest guests registered at the Leslie House are: O. P. Shelbas, of Somerville; W. J. Blaisdell, Boston; Miss S. A. Wiley, New York city; Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Cambridge; Frank Jones, Farmington, Me.; Albert Seaverns, Farmington, Me.; Sam'l Edgerton, Somerville; A. Parker and wife, Boston; W. H. Spillings, Chelsea; C. A. Reynolds, Cambridge.

—A cottage is in the course of erection by Mr. James T. Munroe, on his estate in front of the Munroe railroad station, which will be occupied by his overseer. The cottage is to sit on the knoll which rises out of the surrounding meadow land like an island or oasis, and is shaded by beautiful trees. It is an unusually picturesque spot, and judging from appearances the cottage is to be in keeping with the pretty location.

—Last Saturday evening a young gentleman representing his associates in the kindly and thoughtful enterprise, called upon Mr. Charles H. Franks and handed him a purse containing \$150.00 and a paper headed:—

"We, the undersigned, desire to contribute the sum set opposite our names as a practical way of showing our sympathy for Mr. C. H. Franks in the trials and sorrows which have come to him during the past year."

Mr. Franks is deeply grateful to the donors of the gift and at his request we tender to them his sincere thanks. The money is acceptable and is received in the spirit with which it was given; but better than any money is the kindly meant and deeply appreciated mark of confidence and esteem which it manifests.

—The police started with plenty of business for the new year. Sunday, John T. Hill, of Woburn, was arrested for drunkenness and disturbing the peace. The case was up before Judge Keyes on Monday when it was continued till Thursday and the case put on file and Hill discharged. On the same day, Jan. 1st, Frank and Charles White, of Woburn, were arrested for disturbing the peace. At the trial of the cases on Thursday, which were continued from Monday, the men were represented by counsel. Frank White was fined \$10.00 on the charge and his brother's case was put on file.

—Rev. K. H. Basmajian, of Constantinople, gave an instructive and entertaining address on his branch of the work of introducing the Christian religion in that city on the Bosphorus. He is an Armenian by birth and was brought up in their faith, but was converted to the broader faith and hope of the Christian religion, and has been the pastor over the Baptist denomination in Constantinople before coming to America. He has been completing his studies in this country in a college in Pennsylvania so as to be able to enlarge and broaden his influence on his return home. His story of his work and the account of the religious beliefs of the various foreign religions, were most entertaining. Not a small share of the success of the evening belonged to his little son Eddie, seven years of age, who sang songs in Greek, Turkish, Armenian and English languages.

—Hon. and Mrs. A. E. Scott entertained a party of young people at their spacious residence on Loring hill, Lexington, Wednesday evening. The entertainment furnished was somewhat of a novelty, and was of course from this cause all the more enjoyable, and rarely has an evening party been so successful socially. Mrs. Scott received in a handsome gown of dark heliotrope trimmed with iridescent jet. It was an auctioneering party, Mr. Geo. C. Goodwin disposing of to the bidder dainty packages, paid for with "beaus" which served as currency, and on opening the same dainty souvenirs were discovered for each one in the company. A fascinating sight of hand performance was given by Mr. Richardson, a friend of the host and hostess. A delicious and appetizing spread was served from the dining room table which was decorated with streamers of pale yellow ribbon, which set off the beautiful table china and silver.

—A man by the name of Sullivan was arrested on Monday afternoon for cruelty toward a pair of horses he was driving attached to a load of stone weighing fully five tons. Sullivan was belaboring the horses over the head with the stock of his whip, when Selectman Muzzey ordered him to desist, but he replied with oaths and insulting and abusive talk, in which the Board of Selectmen and police officers were generously supplied with uncomplimentary epithets. Officers Foster and Terrill arrested the man and had the team placed in the Walcott livery stable. The man is a driver for Mr. Curren, of Cambridge, who has the contract for supplying that city with stone for the stone crusher, the stone being procured from the farm of Timothy Kineen, on Hancock street. Sullivan's treatment of the horses had been observed by many before he reached the centre, where the arrest was made, and he was evidently much the worse for liquor. The case was prosecuted by the agent for the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, before the court at Concord, on Tuesday forenoon. Sullivan pleaded guilty to the charge of overloading but not to that of cruelty.

he was fined, however, \$5.00 for each charge and paid the same. The owner sent for his horses and discharged Sullivan from his employ.

—The ladies of Hancock church held their weekly conference meeting with Mrs. D. W. Muzzey, Main street, Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

—At the communion service held in the Hancock Congregational Society, on Sunday afternoon last, six new members were received into the church on profession of faith and three by letter from other churches.

—Mrs. Charles B. Davis gave a charming lunch party in honor of her sister, Miss Jessie Whiting, at her home on Hancock street, on Tuesday. The guests were the young lady friends of Miss Whiting. A dainty lunch was served at one o'clock.

—This afternoon (Friday) the annual meeting of the Home Missionary Union will be held at the home of Mrs. Henry W. French, on Hancock street. A list of officers are to be chosen for the ensuing year and a change effected in the by-laws.

—The topic for the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the Hancock church, next Monday evening, will be "The duty of every-day. Are we doing it?" The meeting will be in charge of Misses Alice P. Goodwin and Marion Woodward.

—Next Sunday evening, at the usual hour of service, Rev. Irving Meredith will begin a course of lectures to be given in the Hancock church. The subject of this the first address will be "How we got the Bible." Any interested in a theme of such general interest as this are invited to join in the service.

—Saturday last, Dec. 31, Miss Emma Nichols entertained her young lady friends at a lunch party given at her father's residence, East Lexington. Lunch was served in the dining room on a handsomely spread table, the decorations being holly and evergreen, arranged and appropriate to the season and occasion.

—The wires have been hung for the public electric light service and the machinery and boiler at the electric station are only awaiting the arrival of the engine to set the station in working order. But for this the new system would have been made a trial of before this, but there is always some thing at the last moment in all new projects which cause annoyance to the projectors by delay.

—An important item in the transaction of business at the annual meeting of Hancock church, held last week, did not come to our knowledge till this week. By a rising vote of the church it was unanimously voted that the title of "pastor emeritus" be conferred on the Rev. Edward G. Porter, for his past and faithful services as pastor of the church, from its foundation in 1868 to his resignation in 1891. This unanimous action of the church must be most gratifying to Mr. Porter, to whom the honorable title is extended, and likewise to his many friends of Lexington, which has always remained Mr. Porter's residential habitation.

—The County Commissioners returned to the Selectmen, Jan. 3d, their order for the improvement of Lowell St., from the Arlington to the Burlington town lines, this old turnpike road to be made fifty feet in width. They allow \$1,500 toward defraying expense of the alterations. At the same time the order was received for laying out Elm avenue from junction of Monument St., extending across Bedford and Hancock streets. Also, the widening and straightening of Hancock street from this point extending as far as Adams St., this to be a street of 45 feet in width. They allow \$800 toward carrying out the work. It is estimated that it will cost the town to reconstruct these streets and roads as ordered, in the close neighborhood of \$15,000.00.

—A young couple met their untimely death in Lexington and caused a sad opening of the New Year for their friends. Arch. Bartlett and Miss Maggie Kelley, a young couple of South Bedford, started out Saturday evening to be united in marriage at the parish house of St. Bridget's church. When about to cross the track of the Boston & Maine R. R., near a place known as the Sand Cut, the team in which they were driving was struck by the engine and smashed to splinters, while the occupants were hurled a distance of some rods. The train stopped and took up the couple, carrying them to Bedford station, where they were deposited in the depot. Mr. Bartlett died in a few moments, and the young woman was conveyed, in a mangled and unconscious condition, to her father's house where she died of the effects of her injuries the following day. The young man was from Nova Scotia, and was in the employ of W. H. Mudge as a farm hand. Medical Examiner Titcomb, of Concord, viewed the remains. But little is known of his family associations. Miss Kelley lived at her father's home and her relatives were distracted with grief. Gates have within a few months been placed at many crossings in Bedford, but the one where this accident occurred was a wood road and but little used. It is apparent they expected to get across before the train reached them as the horse and forward wheels with harness were uninjured. The couple whose fatality united them in death rather than in life, were consigned to their graves on Wednesday, the funeral being a double one.

—List of new books added to Cary Library will be found on 5th page.

—The ice men have had their harvest interrupted by the snow storm.

—Would you like to increase your business? Advertise in the Minute-man. The men doing the largest local business advertise in this paper,—that illustrates whether it pays!

What Christian Endeavor Means.
The hundreds of thousands of young Christians whose lives it has quickened, whose services it has made more constant, systematic and enthusiastic, will not forget the lesson they have learned. These young Christians will make the church of the next decade. What does that mean? It means an awakened Christendom. It means a Christendom knit with the bonds of love and fired with the flame of zeal. It means more money—millions of it—for missions. It means more men and women—millions of them—for the hard places of service. It means—who will say that it does not mean?—the winning of the earth to Christian Endeavor!—Amos R. Wells in Once a Week.

Harvest Time.
Nature has ripened her fruit and grain, But what, O soul, are the sheaves you bring? While the rich earth offers her golden gifts, What is the gain of your harvesting?

Have you garnered patience from day to day? Have you gathered the precious fruit of love? Has charity grown by the dew of tears And the sunshine streaming from above?

In the sheathing husk of the outward life Have you found the kernel God yearns to give? Have you gained with the body's nourishment The "word" by which a man doth "live?" —Mrs. M. F. Butts in Sunday School Times.

The Christian Endeavor Movement.
It is a movement of prayer. Whatever it does or does not do it teaches young people the blessedness, comfort and power of prayer. It has many meetings, but only one is necessary—the prayer meeting. It has many committees, but those alone are essential that maintain the prayer meeting. Prayer is the beginning and continuance of this movement and in a sense its end.—Exchange.

Epworth League Notes.
"Look up. Lift up."

The Boston district now numbers over 1,000, according to the report presented at its third annual convention, which was recently held in St. John's church, South Boston.

Illinois has added another chapter to her roll. It was organized in connection with the Academy church at Harvey.

Maine now has twenty-three chapters, with a total membership of 1,162. The Portland District league is making rapid strides, and the Biddeford Junior league has a membership of 100.

In Maryland the league has made encouraging advances.

Great things are expected of the new general secretary, the Rev. Edwin A. Schell.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Austria is reported to have only 155 periodicals.

In Holland many women are practicing dentistry.

Of the foreign merchants in China only twenty-seven are American.

There are nearly a million people in Great Britain who wear eyeglasses. This is crowding Germany closely for the distinction of being the land of spectacles.

In the limited space between Worth street and the Battery, in New York city, where there are many large wholesale houses, it is stated that 15,000 women are employed as typewriters.

In about 100 of the synagogues in this country Sunday meetings are now held, at which lectures are delivered by the rabbis who had conducted the regular Jewish service on the previous day.

Shakespeare's house at Stratford, Milton's at Chalfont-St. Giles, Burns' cottage near Ayr and Wadsworth's Dove cottage are reputed to be the only houses of literary Britons that have been preserved for the sake of their associations.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

Two knives cannot find room in one sheath, nor two loves in one heart.

Wounds caused by a sword can be healed, but wounds caused by a tongue cannot.

Don't take a wife during the holiday season, and don't buy a horse in bad weather.

When you are buying a horse don't consult a pedestrian, and when you are courting a woman don't ask advice of a bachelor.



"Who's that?" demanded Minny. There were many "Divided Houses" during the Rebellion. Brothers parted upon the border lines separating the contending forces. Many were never reunited, falling in unknown graves. But instances have been reserved for the writers of our war literature, out of which are woven most captivating stories. We have one for our readers—one of the novelists' best—

A Divided House.

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